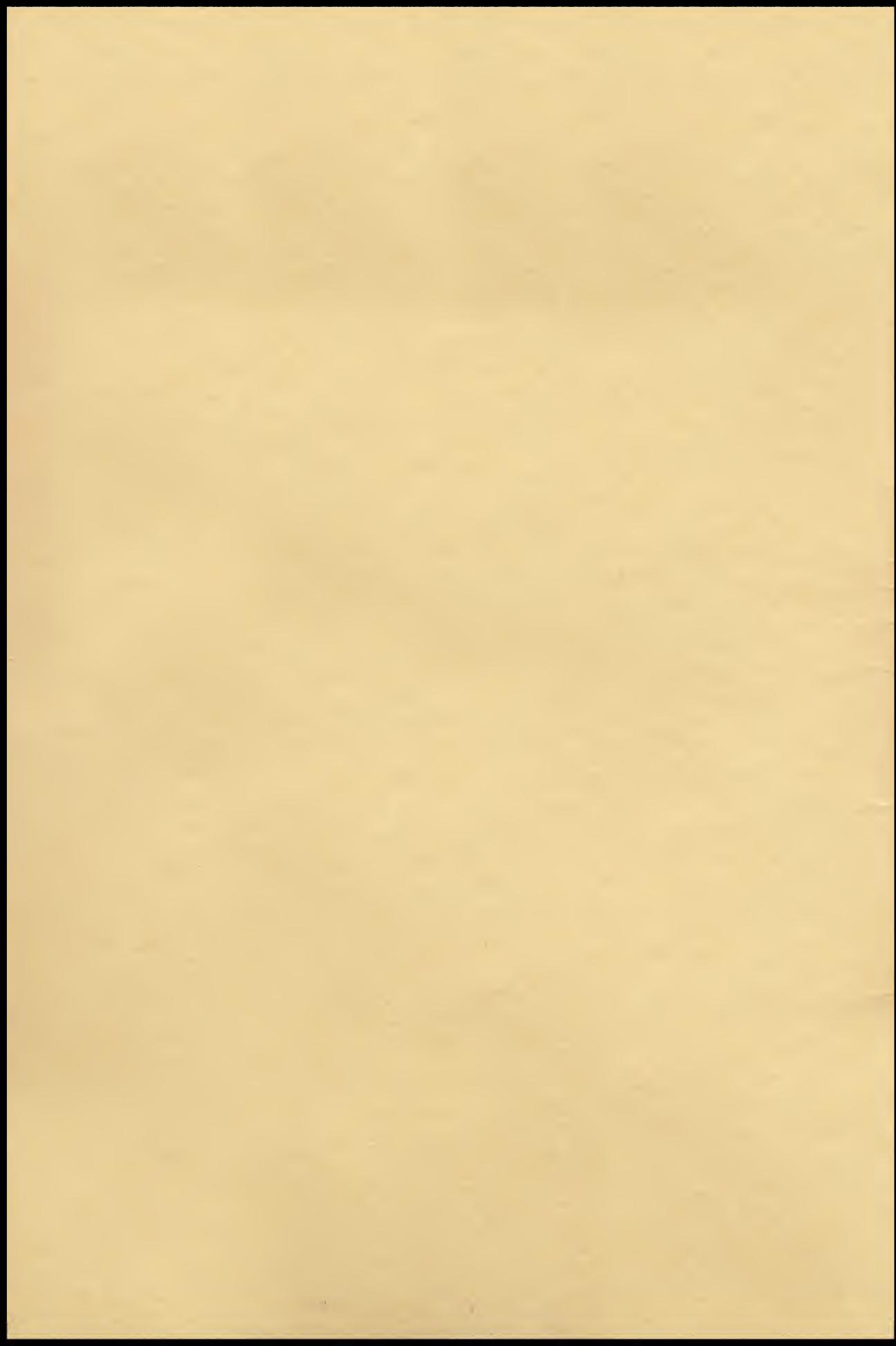




The Quill

March 1922



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nothing takes the place of your own money. The surest way to have it is to **SAVE** it BEFORE you need it.

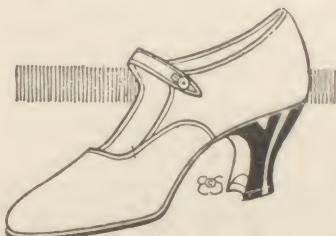
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Among strapped Footwear's heralded qualities of fashionableness, attractiveness and so on, none is more important than their splendid fitting quality. The debutante who dances knows the joy of Slippers that don't slip and the added smartness of Slippers that don't gape just as the woman who walks knows how comfortable styles are that don't rub at the heel. There are many new Strap designs offering a pleasing style variety.

Younker Brothers

Arthur C. Hanger

Jeweler and
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Eversharp
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Pencils

Eyes Examined and Glasses
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Covers, Gabardines and Herringbones

Today's popular shades in the
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attractive styles.

\$27.50, \$30.00 and \$35.00

Quality and Style and Dura-
bility backed by our guarantee.

Morgan CORRECT CLOTHES  **Markussen Co.** FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN —

522 EAST LOCUST



Vol. XVIII

DES MOINES, IOWA, MARCH, 1922

No. 4

Published by the Students of East High School

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The grass lifts up its stately head,
The birds send forth a merry song,
And streams pour forth their silver threads.



Oh, Spring is here with a leap and bound
Attired in all her glory, 
Bringing to us her wondrous story.

Dorothy Whited



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Editorial



YOUR QUILL

QHE course of the Quill for this year is nearing completion. Four numbers have been placed in the hands of the students. There remains only the June Commencement Issue. It is the earnest hope of the staff that East High has been pleased with our efforts in your behalf. We have endeavored to give to you the best there is in us, and it has been a real pleasure to serve the school.

But in all this, we realize that our mistakes have been many, that in many cases we have failed to please everyone. As we begin work on the June Commencement Number, we are starting with a resolve to make it the finest Commencement Quill ever published. The staff is full of new ideas, but we want to make it your Quill; we want your criticisms and your ideas. If you have any adverse criticisms, don't be afraid to offer them. If you have any new ideas which you think will improve the Quill, make it your duty to offer them. There are Quill boxes in the library and in the main office. The staff meets the seventh period in 218 every day. Write your suggestions or tell us. Make the Quill your Quill just as you make the football, basketball, or track team, your team. Help us put over the last number BIG.

PUBLICITY

YOU'RE on a committee. Don't you believe it? Finish reading this and see. I believe there is not a student in any one of the three high schools who is very enthusiastic over the newspaper publicity the high schools have been receiving. We realize it is only in accordance with the rest of the news items they print. Perhaps some people enjoy reading scandal news, but the majority of us would prefer something interesting. The man who spends his time picking out the flaws in school life and magnifying them for the readers is a mighty poor resident of any community. To illustrate, a few weeks ago there appeared on the front page of one of our dailies, the news "Scandal in East High." A few nights later, when the report was found erroneous, a brief explanatory note appeared in an obscure corner on a back page.

But here's where our part comes in. While we are blaming newspapers for unfair publicity, what are we doing about it? Newspapers are the reflection of the daily gossip of the people. Consequently, if any good is to be wrought, it must start with us. When we are discussing school news, do we only mention the things which are uplifting, which are good advertising? When we tell about anything, do we stop and decide whether it is pleasing to the hearer and fair to the subject of the conversation? When we discuss our friends, do we try only to mention their good qualities? Why speak of the sordid side of life? There's enough of it to advertise itself. Pick out the best there is in life and think about it, talk about it, and in time you'll be like it.

We are all on a big publicity committee. The things we pass on to others all go to make up the impression they will have of us. Are we going to circulate productive or destructive advertising?



ORGANIZED ORGANIZATIONS

Is there any single factor in high school life that can have such a profound influence over school affairs as our organizations? Their members are those students whose interest in the welfare of the school has prompted them to enlist in some form of extra curricular work that they may benefit the whole community. They are young men and young women of the higher calibre who realize the advantages in concerted action. Of course, we may have equally good students who are not members of any organization, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Thus we can easily see that if any agency can promote the highest ideals in school activities, it is our clubs. For this reason, there rests on their shoulders a mighty responsibility, and the fulfillment of that responsibility is often endangered through the wrong sort of club rivalry.

Such was the case of two of the literary societies a few months ago and it is with a great relief that we see the E Epi Tan and Forensic societies back within the bounds of safe and sane rivalry. Over some petty disputes, a condition grew up which in time might have ruined the careers of both societies. Happily, the members realized the mistake and unanimously decided upon peace and sealed the pact with a dance.

This is only one instance where students swallowed their pride for the sake of East High. The two Hi-Y clubs have done much to promote better spirit between organizations. With concerted action, our clubs can make East High a truly fine institution. Let's hope we can all fall in line for organized organizations.

WE HEAR that a Cedar Falls coach is upholding E. H. as a model of pep and school spirit.

THREE of the graduating Quill Staff received honoraria.

THE FRESHMEN are getting smaller and smaller. Eventually——?

MISS GOODRELL visited E. H. January 27, 1922.

HAVE YOU noticed our student police on each corner of the building?

WE DON'T BELIEVE Mr. Burton's idea that 1's are easier to make than 5's. Ask Miss McBride.

The Junior Toast

Here's to

A happy group, A jolly bunch
The best clan in the school
I've got a hunch,
Have you?

A lot of go, A lot of vim,
They'll reach the top,
There're sure to win;
Think so?

A carefree crowd, but yet not loud;
Just the sweetest innocents
With lovin'ways endowed;
Aren't they?

Of whom do I speak? why don't you know?
The Seniors of tomorrow,
And their name, ere I go
The Juniors

Irene Packer



Junior Journalism



DUTY

Late one evening, during the Civil War, two soldiers sat on the outskirts of a northern army camp. The older of the two, a man of about twenty-five, addressed the boy beside him.

"I hear you are on sentinel duty tonight, Burt. Did I hear right?"

"I guess you did," Burt replied, bowing his head in his hands, "and I'm too tired to move."

"Oh, well, what if you are tired, you'll soon forget it in the excitement of an all night's watch." Here he laughed so sarcastically that the boy raised his head and stared at him.

"Don't talk that way, Dick, it only makes it harder and what's the use of grumblin' anyway. I got a letter from home today. Want to read it? Mother writes beautiful letters. She always was good at writin'. She says that whenever she gets discouraged, tryin' to do without me, she just thinks of me and how she wants me to do my duty. When I return she wants me to be as proud of her as she is of me. She always says, "country first and yourself later," and I intend to live up to her expectations."

"Does your mother know how close we are to the Confederate line?" the older man asked.

"She may," Burt replied. "If she does, I'm sure there will be somebody besides myself who won't sleep tonight."

The man beside him moved uneasily. But continued, "Not much danger from the Confederates tonight, though; my only trouble will be keepin' awake. Wish I were on duty for the sandman tonight," he added whimsically. "Well, I must be going. Goodnight Dick." And he marched away into the shadows.

Dick stood turning Burt's letter over and over in his hands—hands that trembled.

"Poor little kid," he said to himself, "he thinks a lot of me; gave me his mother's letter; and to think it's my duty to report where he is stationed to the Captain. Oh, God!" he whispered aloud. "If only I had a mother to tell me my duty. Shall country come first or the lad?"

Then, as he saw someone approaching he, too, whirled and walked away into the shadows—Burt had handed his mother's letter to a Confederate spy.

Irene Packer, 11 A.

THE RESCUE

Jimmie Smith, aged twelve, arrived home from school, tired and in an unusually thoughtful mood, for he was thinking of his teacher's remark to him as he had left. "Jimmie, why don't you be a man? Stop being a child."

Her remark had left a deep impression on him and he said to himself thoughtfully, "Well, I guess I'll show her that I am a man."

Slumping into a chair he drifted into a day dream. He saw himself at the helm of a fisherman's schooner, fighting the winds and the gales with all his strength. There was a storm at sea. The thunder roared; the lightning flashed;

The Quill

the wind drove the little ship hither and thither, as though it were a feather wafted by an angry wind. But Jimmie stood his post, now ordering his men to stack up the mast, now to clear the deck.

Suddenly out of the night there came a wireless for help. A fellow ship was in distress on the rocks, fifty miles off the coast of Florida. It was a millionaire's yacht which had been cruising about when the ship suddenly was thrown on the rocks. A huge gash had been made in its side, and it was sinking fast.

Jimmie, after receiving this S. O. S., started out in the direction of the injured yacht. Jimmie rescued all the passengers and started for the coast. In the party was Miss Jenkins, Jimmie's former teacher. Walking up to Jimmie she said:

"I take back all I said to you. You are a—"

"Oh! Jimmie, where are you?" sang a voice from below.

"Where am I?" queried Jimmie. "Where am I? Oh! ouch, watch out! I've lost control of the ship."

His mother appeared in the doorway at this inopportune moment. Walking up to her small son she said in her most frigid tones,

"James Smith, are you day dreaming again? I do believe that is all you do in this world. Aren't you ever going to grow up?"

Alfred Ginsberg, 11A.

THE JUNIORS PRESENT
THE THIRD ACT
—OF—
THAT THRILLING TRAGEDY
THE PURSUIT OF CREDITS

CAST

Leading Man	Lord Physics
Leading Lady	Lady English
Second Leading Lady	Madam Latin
Character Woman	Mademoiselle French
Ingénue	Senorita Social Activities
Office Boy	Master Mathematics
Maid	Miss Home Economics
Policeman	Sir Faculty
Detectives	Messrs. Exam and Quiz
Comedian	Duke Report Card
Nurse	Dr. Home Nursing
Chauffeur	Mr. Auto Mechanics
Mob	Juniors

Time—The present.

Place—East High.

MANAGEMENT

Dramatic Director	Miss Public Speaking
Business Manager	Mr. Business Organization
Director of the Orchestra	Prof. Discord Harmony

Furniture kindly loaned by the Manual Training Company.

Effie Holstad, 11B.



WHEN BIG SIS GETS HER LESSONS

Sis sits and studies every night
Right where I want to play,
And if I touch a single thing
I'm sure to hear her say:

"Oh, can't you stay away awhile,
When I am busy here?
Please keep away from me right now
I'm trying to study, dear."

I wind my engine up and start
To send it 'cross the floor,
It hits my Sis's chair and—wow—
It's worse than 'twas before.

She doesn't call me dear this time,
And I get quiet, too;
She says, "Oh, stop that terrible noise,
At least till I get through."

And then I call my little pup,
And we have so much fun,
Till Rover jars the table leg—
And "Boys!" if I don't run.

Sis treats me terrible, I think,
And I just don't see why,
Just 'cause she wants to study,
I have to sit and cry.

Irene Sandelin, 11A.

NEXT

"Next!" What does that little four-lettered word mean to you?

Almost from infancy we are taught the deep significance of this word. When a child has been caught in the act of doing something naughty and is about to be punished, he will usually beseech his mother thus, "Please don't do it, Ma. Honest, I won't do it next time."

Or perhaps you have followed up a serial at a movie. Just when the picture reaches the most important part—the hero is about to rescue the heroine, or the train is rapidly approaching on the very track where the heroine is tied—the old familiar phrase is flashed upon the screen, "To be continued in the next episode next week." Again, you may have been absorbed in a thrilling continued story. You get to the most interesting place and you find this old clause, "Continued in the next issue."

"Next" is everywhere. You may enter a doctor's or dentist's office, take your seat among the other occupants—perhaps sufferers—in the room. Then you wait, probably trembling, and fearing the doctor's appearance and his "Next!" Then a thought quickly flashes through your mind, "What is going to happen next?"



When you say you will graduate a year from next June, doesn't it seem a long, long time from now?

Every six weeks the teacher announces, "Report cards come out next Tuesday, so all your work must be in by next Thursday," when you're positive it can't and won't be. "We will have a test next Friday over the entire book, so study hard, because if you fail now you will have to take the work over again next semester." That is enough to take your breath, and make the cold sweat stand out on your brow.

I wonder how often the teachers are asked this unanswerable question, "When are we going to have our next assembly?" Whenever we do have an assembly we hear this phrase—much to the sorrow of all the pupils and the teachers, "Go to your next period classes." And how many of us hear this old sentence at least four times a day, "Your next assignment will be—."

Then there is that time-worn old phrase, "Now, I won't take off for it this time, but remember—next time I will." Every teacher remembers the next time, too, whether or not the pupils do.

You may go to the library for a certain book, and when you are unable to find it, you seek the librarian's aid. After searching for the book, she tells you, "It's not in the library now, but I'll hold it for you so you can get it the next time you come here." To be sure, she accommodates you, and she does her best, but generally, the next time will be too late.

I suppose you have told this often enough, "Remember me to him the next time you see him," or something to that effect. How indefinite, and yet how definite.

"Next" has influence in every phase of life. It has even invaded the sacred province of Slang. We've all heard that old worn-out expression, "Did you get next to what he said?" Here "next" has an entirely different meaning, not grammatically correct, but used, nevertheless.

Even the weather is not exempt. We may expect this kind of weather all through March; one day warm and the next icy cold.

But, oh! the uncertainty of life; as we live from day to day, we know what has happened and what is happening, but we are unaware of the things in the future—where "Next" reigns.

Blanche Anderson, 11A.

A ROBIN

I saw a robin gay today,
The first one of the season.
He chirped and cocked his head at me,
As if to give a reason
For all this merriment and cheer
That he is wont to bring
Before the buds and leaves are out,
In the very early Spring.
For he is the birdland optimist,
His song is a paean so gay,
That renews again our visions bright
When we come to the end of the day.

—Mabel Warner, 11A.



May She Invite Him In?

If you are fortunate enough to have such questions as these to settle, send for

Prof. Blunder's Book
On Etiquette

**What To Do At All
Times**

Yum! Yum!

Spare the Stick
and Spoil the
Child



Adams' Yucatan Chewing Gum
ADDISON BROWN



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CHARLES SHANE & COMPANY
Gab Ave., Talkum, Ariz.



Send for

Prof. Simpson's Memory Course

Improve your memory in a few nights

\$300 A LESSON

That reminds me—I must take home some meat.

PROF. G. SIMPSON COMPANY

The Old Music Master Says:

J. W. Rosanbough's violins are the best made. My pupils and I have used them for years, and they are still as good as new.—*Prof. McGrew.*



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clear and smooth

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SILBERSTEIN
Exclusive Furs

Try

Anti-Fat Compound



and



Reduce Your
Weight

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706, Fatsburg, Ill.

Laugh and Grow Young

Send for our self-
illustrated
booklet



**The Charm
of a
Smile**



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2 for 50c

FULTON-PACKER, Authors

Become Graceful Overnight

Eat a Cake of
LETHGAIL

and you will have
all your friends
talking.

\$5.00 **\$5.00**



Lethagail Muscle Relaxer Company
Clumzybery, Tennessee

KODAKING FOR THE QUILL

Kodaking for the Quill is by no means a soft snap. It is just one rejection after another. Before starting this task we assumed that one would feel flattered to behold his beaming countenance in that well known school paper. But alas! That was as far from the truth as the marcel is from the shoe-string. The majority of the students would rather run from the basement to the third floor or make a wild dash for freedom from a second story window than stop a second to "look pleasant" for the Quill photographer. If a student is not lucky enough to escape, he gives us some wild excuses that make us feel like hard-hearted criminals to suggest such a thing. We even threatened some people to secure their pictures. On one occasion we gave a certain boy a chance of having either his feet cartooned as the biggest specimen of the sort in the Junior class or his picture taken for an ad, thinking that he would surely choose the latter. Did he? I should say not! He showed utter indifference toward the matter, and our wonderful schemes proved fruitless. But worse than a refusal is the trying disappointment of having the films turn out bad after successfully obtaining a snap of someone.

So, when you carelessly scan the few snaps in the Quill, do not complain, but remember that they were taken only after many toilsome hours of labor.

Katherine Fulton, 11 A.



TOPICS IN BRIEF

The budding poet will have to be a full blown rose if he expects to cover an entire page for the Junior Quill.

How to pass a perfect physics test is the latest experiment for budding young scientists.

There are no advanced classes in Public Speaking for girls; perhaps Miss Corey thinks they can talk without it.

The winning poster, of all those posted in the front hall for the poster contest, is posted on the bulletin board.

Mr. Peterson speaks of encouraging students to take physics as "missionary work." It's hardly fair to take advantage of the poor innocent heathen.

A freshman asks if the benches in the front hall are "dignities." She has evidently heard the expression, "The senior is on his dignity."

A novel suggestion is that Claire Yohe be hailed as the William Jennings Bryan, of East High.

Perhaps we could do away with a lot of silly facial expressions if we wouldn't think what we were saying.

Miss Brody fee's sorry for the student who can't "get the drift" of "The Snow Storm."

Does it take a diplomat to get a diploma or a wonder to get one?

One look at a study hall convinces us that there is plenty of slumbering genius in East High.

Remember the good old days when we used to have fire drills?

Some ambitious soul, having forgotten his pen, designs the clever idea of tearing up his theme paper and putting it in the ink well; consequently the plot thickens.

Being caught in the hall without a slip is the worst slip yet.

A freshman looking into the locker where the vacuum cleaner is kept, wants to know why her locker isn't equipped with a fire extinguisher.

Effie Miller demands a gold medal for the discovery of some ink in a certain ink well. She refuses to reveal its whereabouts, as she wishes to charge for the privilege of seeing it.

All the janitors and faculty want is a chance at Mr. Wrigley; there wouldn't be so many stuck-up things after that.

The little boy who used to carry a sack of marbles to school as a sign of spring, now shows the spring fever by getting to school on time. Maybe a few of the teachers would like to see more signs of spring.

We wonder what has become of the little bell which, in days gone by, used to sit on the desk in the assembly. It might have been put to a good use on Washington's birthday.

Notice seen on a book cover: IN CASE OF FIRE THROW THIS IN.

Thanks to the double session, the Quill staff feels free to take a great many chances with the Freshmen's feelings.

Even Mr. Seavers is asking for "dates." History 6, you know.

A suggestion for raising money for the bonus bill is to equip some of the senators with quarter meters.

We have some rather lengthy topics in brief.

A vain attempt to be witty is the most humorous situation yet.

Katherine Fulton informs us she is studying "Yelllocution" and "Public Squeaking." Why study it, Katherine?

Irene Packer, 11A.

Warthen Hobbs, 11A.



A CHEERFUL OLD SOUL

With his hands jammed into his pockets and his round hat pulled down over his ears, he may nearly always be seen enjoying the morning sunshine and a puff or two with his old friend, the pipe.

It is very seldom that one misses his cheery good-morning or remark about the weather, but if one does miss the friendly smile and greeting, one goes about his work half-heartedly, feeling that nothing goes well unless the day is started with the usual "Good morning." He once jokingly said that the government paid him twenty-five dollars a month to sit on the porch and speak to all who passed.

Not often is met the type of character whose sunny disposition is never ruffled. One would not know that hale and hearty old man had passed the half century mark by a score of years. When he is in an exceptionally cheerful frame of mind the smoke rolls out of his pipe, but when he is recalling the yesterdays, the smoke curls upward lazily and forms a blue haze about him.

He is tall and his drooping shoulders tell the story of hard work. Even now he is busy taking care of his bees and chickens. His true blue eyes still have a little of the sparkle and brightness that they possessed in former days when their master was young and escorted young ladies to country dances.

Lillian Buckles, 11A.

THE GALOSHES

Hear the galoshes with their jingle,
Merry jingle.
What a queer sound as they mingle
With a jingle, jingle, jingle,
And a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night.
While the pedestrian gently flaps them
As they swish, we always laugh then,
With a feeling of delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a dim melodious rhyme,
Hear the clashes and the splashes
From the galoshes, galoshes—
Galoshes, galoshes,
Hear the sound, the swishing, splashing of galoshes.

2

Hear the big clumsy galoshes,
Sloppy galoshes,
What a tale of fatigue and drudgery they tell.
In a wet and sloppy weather
With a splash they clash together.
Thro' the swishin'
And the splashin'
Goes this victim of the fashion.
Tired with a day of shopping
With the buckles limply flopping
From each arm the bundles dropping
Comes this addict of galoshes.

By George Goldenson, 11A.

The Quill

WHEN THERE'S SPRING TUNES IN THE AIR

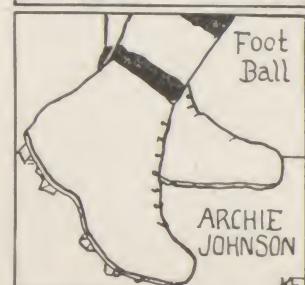
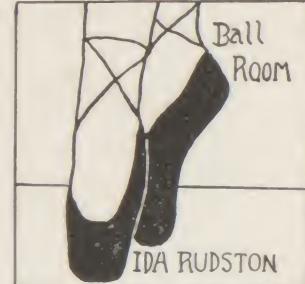
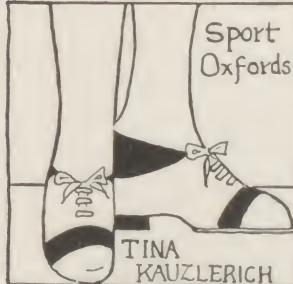
Oh, you just feel sort o' groggy
 When there's spring tunes in the air,
 You glance at all your lessons
 But you just don't seem to care,
 For it seems Old Mother Nature
 Sort o' draws you in her snare,
 When there's spring tunes, in the air.

Outside there is a robin,
 Whose little tail is bobbin'
 As he sings sweet little tunes into the air.
 And the mocking bird is mockin'
 And the little winds are talkin'
 'Bout my lessons, tell me this, why should I care?—
 When there's spring tunes, in the air.

I'd rather sit down by a stream,
 And do nothing but just dream,
 Without a single worry or a care,
 But my lessons by tomorrow
 I must have, much to my sorrow,
 Though there's spring tunes, in the air.

By Lance Daniels. 11A.

BY THEIR FEET YE SHALL KNOW THEM





IMPRESSIONS

Shadows shrouded in mystic lights,
Incense in a golden bowl,
Whispered prayers to silent night,
Baring of an anguished soul,
Maiden's eyes that cloud with pain
Or dart with gleaming fire.
Maiden's lips that plead in vain
To fulfill her life's desire
Shadows sullen, shadows gray,
Ashes in the golden bowl.
Dawn enfolded brings the day,
Muffled bell chimes softly toll,
And sparkling sunbeams o'er maid quiver.

Lolita Mitchell, 11A.

SELECTED READING LIST FOR JUNIORS

POETRY

The Humble Bee.....	Clifford Anderson
The Battlefield	Mr. Warren's Office
A Health.....	Corwin Redman
My Lost Youth.....	Bernard Gift
The Vagabonds.....	Archie Johnson, Harry O'Boyle
The O'd Sexton	Halvor Jensen
The Village Blacksmith.....	William Hartung
The Mocking Bird.....	Malcolm Love
The Aged Stranger.....	Howard Park
Little Boy Blue.....	Herbert Hauge
The Shepherdess.....	Miss Johnson
The Joyous Wanderer	George Goldenson
A Poet's Wife.....	Neola Kerr
The Man With the Hoe.....	Verne Devine
Ichabod	Paul Goodrich
The Last Leaf.....	George Mattern
A Vision of Peace.....	Miriam Meek
The Problem.....	Kenneth Straun
Boots	Arthur Mitchell

SHORT STORIES AND ESSAYS

The Eternal Masculine.....	Ralph Carlson
Rosy Balm.....	Russell Johnson
"The Lie".....	"I Was Sick"
The Camera Man.....	Addison Brown
The Grasshopper and The Ant.....	La Verne Whitmer, Benjamin Heller
The Reservist	Glenn Simpson
The Gentleman from Indiana.....	Carl Foster
Long Jim.....	Ralph Jensen
The Missionary Sheriff.....	Orlin Sprague
The Jester	John Woodmansee
The Settler.....	Mr. Burton
Wee Willie Winkle.....	Therese Carpenter
Gallegher	Chester Allison
The Jumping Frog	Clifford Cram

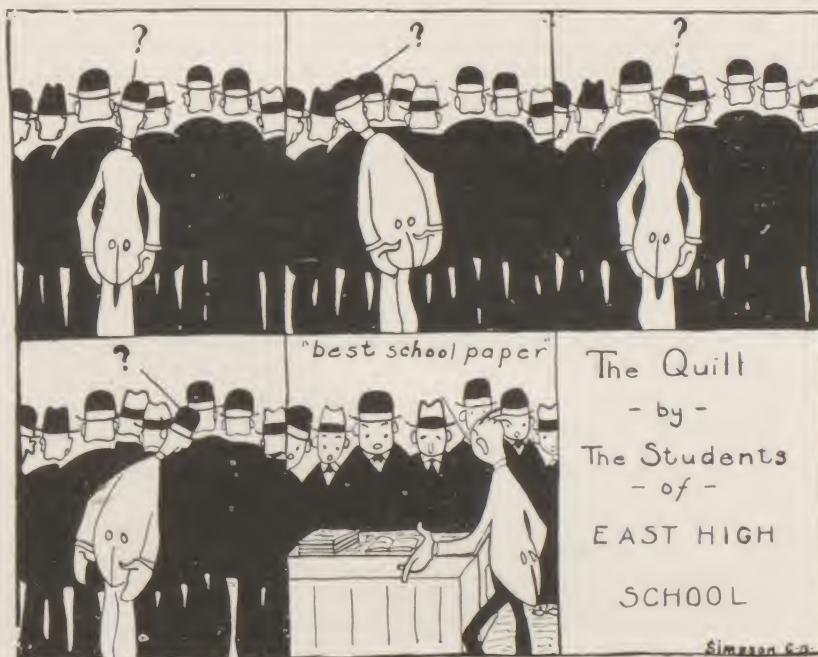
The Quill

A Messenger	Charles Shane
A Hunter of the Grassstops.....	Edla Dwyer
The Dominant Joke.....	Lee Lindbloom
The Squire	Raymond Shaw
Sharp Eyes.....	Miss Needles
A Father to His Freshman Son.....	Ed Johnson, Joe Carper
Words That Sing to Your Pocketbook.....	Hershey Bars
From My Easy Chair.....	Don Tilton
Little Things.....	Kenneth Hill, Corwin Redman, Alfred Ginsberg

JUNIORS

J—is for the joy we get
 From attending East High School,
 U—is for the ultimatum
 We find in teachers' rule,
 N—stands for the Juniors' noise
 Heard in corridor and class,
 I—is for the high ideals
 Of each Junior lad and lass,
 O—represents the office
 A sometimes dreaded place,
 R—is for the radiance
 Shining on every face,
 S—is for the silliness
 Of all this nonsense rhyme,
 All together it spells—JUNIORS,
 But Seniors, though, in time.

Miram Griffith, 11 B.





Among Us



THEN ALONG CAME MR. BURTON

When you've arranged
Your program
With such a nicety,
There's English with
Bedelia and
Spanish with Marie,
And there are chums
A plenty
Study periods to
Beguile, in Algebra
Your best friend
Smiles
At you from 'cross
The aisle, only
Have to go five
Periods,
Things just seem
To go your way,

Leaving
All the afternoon
To loaf
Or go to see a
Play,
Most your classes
Are on first floor,
You don't
Have to walk
A mile; then in
Your heart
Is ecstasy and
On your face
A smile—
And you go around
Contented for—
A little while.

Margaret Gruener, 12B.

SENSATIONS

JOY—When you see a broad-faced, smiling individual walking springily down the hall, taking two steps to everyone else's one, speaking and smiling happily to everyone, looking as if he hadn't a care in the world, talking to teachers in a free and easy manner, and in general acting as if anything he wished for was his, he has achieved the pinnacle of success—he has received all ones.

FEAR—When you went to your locker between periods, and you thought that every teacher would come out and take you in, and every footstep was sure to be Mr. Burton's or Miss Needle's, and the student patrol would come around at any time, and your locker door banged, or you couldn't work the combination, and you felt sure that your doom had come, and when you eventually reached the study room without mishaps, you highly resolved never to go to your locker again between periods.

SADNESS—When a boy goes to his class with a woe-be-gone, doleful, and disgusted look upon his countenance, with never a smile to anybody, with only surly answers to the questions of his class-mates, answering his teachers only when forced to do so, doing everything in a way that suggests that he doesn't care for a thing in this world, with his shoulders sagging, and acting as if everything in the world had gone wrong or was going that way, you may be sure that he has lost one whom he prizes very highly—his best girl.

THRILLS—When you had worked hard for three years to get on the Quill Staff, and you had told your English teacher that you wanted an editorship; and



the English teachers had met, and you wondered, and wondered, and wondered, whether you made the staff; and the last big assembly came, and Mr. Burton was reading off the names of the new members of the staff, and he reads your name—Oh! what a THRILL.

BEING CHARMED—When a boy walks down the hall with a smile on his face as large as a dollar, with his whole face resembling the sunshine, with his eyes expressing ardent admiration, looking as if he wanted to express himself very emphatically, you may be sure that he has just come from a Public Speaking class. For any further particulars, ask any of the boys in Miss Corey's classes.

EMBARRASSMENT—When your personal affairs, including that five in English, or your loud Brilliantine, or your three best girls, (or that night's ride), or your many tardinesses, or your new comb, or the way you part your hair, or many other affairs that are your own business entirely, get into the joke department of the Quill, what embarrassment. If you doubt this, ask Orval Armstrong; he knows.

GRATITUDE—When you have worked and worked on some problem for several hours, and just can't get it for a friend, and then you sit down and try it once more, and finally succeed in working it, and hurry to find your friend and tell him or her that you got it at last, then he or she tells you that it was too bad that you went to so much trouble, and that that problem was not so very important, and he or she thanks you in a way that says you haven't done much; that is gratitude for you!

AGONY—When you had basketball practice and play rehearsal, and you wanted to go to town, and do shopping, or take in a movie, and you wanted to go over to your buddy's house, or play baseball, and your teacher told you to come back the 10th period,—Oh! such agony!

DESPAIR—When you take a hard test in English, and your teacher says it is excellent but—you've misspelled "too" in the last line, and must take it all over again.

Floyd Pickett, 12A.
Clyde Norris, 12A.

HOW TO RUIN A PERFECT DAY

When you get up in the morning feeling unusually good, get to school earlier than usual, meet your best friend and plan to go to the library and a movie that afternoon, get all your week's assignments in typewriting in, make an excellent Latin recitation, prepare all your tomorrow's lessons, have your favorite dishes for lunch and then—lose your locker key, the whole day is **utterly ruined**.

Katherine Kountz, P. G.

The Quill

GUESS WHO

Do you know the tall man
In gray, who walks quietly
Through the halls and
Enters every crowded class
Room?
"Anyone here have the sixth
Period vacant?"
The man rustles his sheaf
Of papers and looks
Searchingly over his glasses.
A few in the rear
Of the room, squirm uneasily
And try with a
Few, slow shakes of the head
To register doubt.
Silence reigns supreme. Finally
One girl spurred on
By the strength of her convictions
Slowly raises her
Hand.
But one is not enough;
Five more are
Needed. The tall man sees
That the volunteer
System will not obtain
Results and
Shaking his head gravely
And deciding to try
A process of elimination,
Turns and says,
"Let me see your program cards."
Gloom settles upon
The room. Escape is now
Impossible and
Finally four sad, downcast
Youngsters say "Goodbye"
To their friends and leave for
The study room.
Now for the remaining pupil
Who must be transferred.
The man with
Something—which if it were
Not for his air
Of dignity—would be called a
Grin, resumes his
Painful duty.
"Can you stay and take English
The ninth period?"
"Oh,—no!" stammers the boy,
"I have to work."



Several other masculine members
Express an equally
Urgent need, of early dismissal.
In desperation the
Tall man turns to a small
Girl with the same
Question. "I—Why I have
To go home
And help Mamma." The



Door squeaks as a late
Arrival tries to
Steal in unseen. As a last
Resort, the man
Turns upon him with a
Sudden,
"Do you work?"
"Only in school," says the
Startled latecomer. "Then,
You can take
English the seventh period,"
And giving the still
Dazed delinquent a slip to the
Study room, the man
In gray resumes his way down the
Corridor to
Fit another class of forty-five
Into a room with
Twenty-five seats.

Margaret Gruener, 12B.

TRYOUTS

"Are you still having tryouts for the community play?" I timidly asked Miss Corey.

"Yes, would you like to try out? We'll come back eighth period, then."

Ah, the deed was done! I had an appointment for tryouts. To tryout! Just as if I weren't fitted for a part! But then, one must please teachers. All through the day visions flitted through my mind of leading parts, applauding audiences, and loads of flowers. Why, of course, I could get the leading part. And then, eighth period! I walked into the Music Room with a mingled feeling of nervousness, wonder and excitement. My, but I hoped no one would be there but the director! But horror of horrors, fifteen were there besides me, and ten of those, girls. Just to think, I had to get up before all those people and tryout! What if I made a mistake and they laughed at me, and I would have to walk away in disgrace. The thought was unendurable. I sat down and cautiously looked about me. O glory, there were three girls I knew, and sure enough my buddy was sitting all by himself. My mind began to clear and my thoughts again soared into the heavens. By twos and threes the candidates were given parts and as each one finished I looked at him in great condescension. Why, I could do twice as well as that. My ambition to have a leading part was already beginning to materialize. And then, my name was called, and a part given to me. I walked confidently to the stage with another victim and we began to dramatize our parts. Oh, I rehearsed wonderfully. Everyone else was put to shame. "That will do now," said the director, and I departed, much elated.

Three days later I eagerly scanned the appointed cast on the bulletin board, and sure enough, there was my name. But what! Oh dear, such a part—that of opening and closing the door for the general as he came in and went out! I was thoroughly disgusted then. But, upon thinking it over, I knew I had the most important part. For the door had to be opened at just the right time, or the general wouldn't get in and the play would be spoiled. And if some one else got the part he might not open the door at the right time, and so I am truly convinced that the whole play depends on me.

Floyd C. Pickett, 12A.



TALE OF A CHICKEN-HAWK

Within the sacred portals of East High School tragedy has stalked. Tragedy that made the angels weep. The merciless hand of Death reached in and took from our numbers a—chicken-hawk.

It was a nice bird; always gentle and considerate of others and always cheerful and pleasant even though it knew it was to be used for experiments in zoology. All would have gone well if Miss Gilbert, its keeper, had not been stricken with sickness. But stricken she was.

The class did try to keep the fowl alive and Miss Duval did advise them. But that intended specimen would eat nothing but live meat. For ten days that bird kept its hunger strike; then a sparrow was caught. With a mighty pounce the hawk landed on the live and squeaking sparrow and ate it! Live sparrows aren't caught every day, though, and mice are hard to find. On Wednesday morning the tragedy was discovered.

The chicken-hawk was dead!!!

Consolations poured in on the bereaved ones. Miss Frances Smith with touching sympathy and pathos and with humblest apologies to the immortal poets of nature expresses her feelings in a beautiful little masterpiece:

The Empty Cage—A Lament

Ah, cage, that stands so empty here,
From which all signs of life are fled,
Thou but remind how life is drear:
Our hawk—our chicken-hawk—is dead.

For several days—aye, near a week—
To watch the wild and awful gleam
Of that keen eye, the hookèd beak,
Was joy of which we often dream.

This morn into the room we came
With n'er a thought that Death would stalk—
Alack, alas, whose is the blame,
O well-beloved chicken-hawk.

But fate too oft doth wax unkind.
None nigh to hear his dying squawk,
Death came, with darkest night entwined,
And reft from us our chicken-hawk.

One of the most touching consolations came from our Mr. W. E. Lyman, who offers to Miss Gilbert a mole to replace the hawk with this token of sympathy:

Miss Gilbert:

Since you can't learn how to run an aeroplane, I have a pet submarine that I will send up tonight to take the place of the deceased aeroplane.

W. E. L.

Strengthened by many such exquisite sentiments and fear that water instead of formaldehyde would be put on the dead fish, Miss Gilbert is among those present now.

Following are the statistics of the coroner's inquest:



The Quill

Date—March 8, 1922

Period—First

Absent—One Hawk (chicken variety).

Died of homesickness
loneliness
failure to begin to become a buzzard.

Excused from Recitations—Yes

Pall Bearers—Hugh Brown and Ralph McMurry

Asked to Return—No

Assistance—None needed

Chief Mourner—Miss Frances Smith

Poor Lessons—Failed in class in applied liver

A Plus—Class in applied live sparrow.

Conduct—Died game.

This report given by coroner's jury.

W. E. Lyman, Coroner.

S. Duval, Humane Society.

C. A. Speer, Chief Consultant.

(Embalmers' Union)

Frances L. Smith, Funeral Director.

THE PERFECT COPY

Seated one day at my Remington,
I was frenzied and ill at ease,
My fingers went searching wildly
Over blank, white keys.

I did not know which I was hitting,
But my copies must be in,
So I struck the keys with a clatter,
And assumed a cheerful grin.

I covered my plain white paper
With that bold and daring print,
And it shone on the desk before me
Like a coin fresh from the mint.

It brought a hopeful feeling
Into my troubled mind,
And when I bent to look closer,
Not a single mistake did I find.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That brilliance beyond ken,
Which came to me for that moment,
Ne'er to return again.

It may be that genius is that way,
And comes but once to one—
It may be that only by hard work
I shall get my typing done.

—Pauline R. Plumb, 12A.



A GRADUATE'S LAST DAY

When you think of the days that will never return,
Of delightful studies and teachers stern,
And the chances you had and failed to learn,
And the grades you got which you didn't earn,
And the thrills of delight when classes adjourn,
And the fact that your tongue ne'er again will burn
From the boiling hot cocoa in the cafeteria urn,
And you remember in botany you dissected a fern,
To find whether its home was in Spain or Lucerne,
And you chewed your gum with intense concern,
Trying very hard not to sound like a churn,
Then the Freshman's position no longer you spurn,
And to return as a Freshie you sorely do yearn.

Paul Skeeters, P. G.

THE WEEK AFTER

I returned to school the Monday after graduation, satisfied and contented, graduated and about to post-graduate, my plans all made as to what subjects I would take. I went leisurely to my old home room. It looked rather lonely without all my old senior friends but I had expected that. I was given a program and a program card and with perfect faith set about finding the subjects I wanted.

Latin 4, fourth period, very good, just when I had it before. I wrote it down promptly. This program making was really going to be quite easy. Office Practice was given third period and fourth period. Was that the only periods I could get it? Yes, there was only one class. A hasty hunt for another Latin 4 Class! Great Scott! The only other class was the third period! Latin and Office Practice clashed! What would I do? I must have them both! I had to have my Latin to complete my two years, and I had had four semesters of Shorthand, and I must have Office Practice. Anxiously I hunted for Commercial Arithmetic. Third and fifth. Good, I'd take it the fifth. Well at least two subjects were settled. After three extremely long study periods spent in trying to get Office Practice in somewhere, to no avail, I went to Latin. The class was about the same as usual and I knew that at least there was one thing I was sure of. Then to Commercial Arithmetic. The class was large, very large, forty or more, but that didn't disturb me; of course they could cut it down easily enough. But alas, when they cut it they eliminated post-graduates. I tried both periods, third and fifth, but even Mr. Burton said, "No room for post-graduates."

I was in despair! My three planned subjects had diminished to one, and I must stay seven periods for one subject and Quill. I felt forlorn and lost. I had no place to go, no one wanted me. I wandered from place to place. I sought this person and that, but no one had time to tell me what to do. I saw my skill in shorthand and typewriting slipping away from me. My mathematics had already slipped. By June I would have nothing but Latin at my tongue's and finger's end.

For a week, I wandered about hunting for something to do. Finally, in desperation, I cornered one of the Commercial teachers and begged her to help me. Happily she came to my rescue and we decided that the best and only thing I could do would be to take Shorthand and Typewriting 4 over again. And so, once more things sailed smoothly on and I settled down to post-graduating satisfied, but how well I learned that "The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley."

Katherine Kountz, P. G.



EVERYDAY GROANS

"That grapefruit don't look good today
The cocoa fee's too hot
And, oh, dear me, the pie's all gone.
Gee whiz, what have you got?
Why don't you fix enough to eat?
There's no handle on this cup!
Oh, dear me, I dropped my fork
And someone picked it up.
Can't you sneak me a sandwich?
The boss is way down there,
The other folks can do without,
I'm hungry as a bear.
What did you say? The soup's all gone?
And there isn't any meat?
I guess I'll just go right straight home
And get something to eat."

Mildred Eck, 12A.

SOCIETY

Bernice Hawkins and Kenneth Bonham, Ted Standers and Josephine Hartman will celebrate their birthdays by a joint party on May 10, 1922. All those whose birthdays fall on this date are cordially invited. Refreshments. Come early and stay late.

Miss Goldie Silberman presents Barry Johnmore in that marvelous masterpiece "Selling His Sole." Miss Silberman has personally directed Mr. Johnmore in this spectacle.

Claire Yohe, after an extensive tour through Europe in which he visited Parliament in England, will be glad to answer any questions concerning Parliamentary law.

Paul Skeeters and Ralph Stutsman have formed a Grade Corporation. They will tell anyone why they got the grade they did. The Quill Staff will vouch for their ability.

MY LATIN 3

The hours I've spent with thee apart
Are as a string of myths to me,
I learn them over everyone by heart,
My Latin 3, my Latin 3.

Each myth a tale, each tale a chore,
To learn each night when supper's done;
I learn each myth and at the end
A grade is won.

Oh, Latin myths and Latin grades,
Oh, verbs I never heard before,
I know them all, and e'er my memory fades,
I pass to Latin 4 and Caesar's War.

Katherine Kountz, P. G.



ON ENTERING EAST HIGH

Have you ever stopped to think what a student thinks of East High on coming in from some other high school? I have been a student of East High one semester, having recently moved from a town in the Hoosier State. When I arrived in Des Moines my first thoughts were of my new school. I decided to look it up as soon as I could possibly get a chance. To my great surprise, I found I lived within a stone's throw of a beautiful high school building. When I saw the beautiful building and the pleasant surroundings I became very anxious to know more about the school.

After a month of intense suspense and fearful emotions I made my first visit to East High, aiming to enroll and line my subjects up for the year's work. I found this was a task fully a million times greater than I had expected it to be. I wandered around the halls for an hour looking in rooms and at the general surroundings, but I found my interest was almost entirely centered on the body of students (especially girls). The boys seemed to be about as noisy a crowd as the fellows I had previously known, but oh, those girls, they were without a doubt the noisiest gathering of their sex that my observing eyes had ever been privileged to gaze upon. I followed the crowd and found myself in the auditorium.

Upon entering the room of paper wad throwing and gum chewing I was greeted with the mighty din of buzzing voices. "A few upon their tasks intent, but more on furtive mischief bent." I felt as if the eyes of the whole world were upon me as I stumbled around in search of an empty seat in which to rest my weary body. When I saw the dudes of East High, whom I have since come to know by the length of their "slide burns" and the various aromas of their brilliantines, I began to think, as never before, that I was in a strange country.

Professor Burton arose to a height of prominence on the platform and made some very important announcements. Then a few of the teachers, who had arrived at the building on time, distributed literature that had been mimeographed by the school for free distribution. Among these various tracts of little value there was a page or two of vast importance to East High students; it was the schedule of classes for the coming semester. This schedule was of little importance to me because the school from which I came used an entirely different method of shorthand. For this reason I am a strong advocate for a uniform method of abbreviations to be used exclusively throughout the public schools in the United States and Des Moines, Iowa.

After my third spasm I learned the new system to a certain extent and consulted with one of the faculty as to what I should pursue in the way of studies. She, planning to get me in her class, recommended English as the subject of importance in East High. Now maybe East High students need English, but I need English about as much as a duck needs water wings; however, I did enroll for English but with an entirely different teacher from the one that gave me the useless advice. After fully arranging my program I found I must arrive at the building about 7:39 in order to get from my locker in one extreme of the building to my home room in a far distant portion of the state. I found I must wait until the middle of the afternoon for my lunch, a program that has proved itself very trying to my internal organism.

During the past semester, which has been a trying time for me and the teachers who have had the misfortune of having me in their classes, I have made a great progress toward educating myself and fellow students for our life work. I have not only given up chewing gum and tried to quit a disagreeable habit caused by an excessive loss of sleep, but I have above all these steps of advancement learned to love East High more than other schools and I am very proud to claim her as my school.

Carl Foster, 11A.



THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME

When you rushed
Into the class
Room,
With your
Mind a total
Blank,
Hoping, praying, the teacher
Would not see you,
And *down* into your
Chair you
Sank,
Wishing that a
Cyclone, or something
Would happen
To lessen your sin,
And,
Up the teacher stands and says,
"We'll hear from you, John,"
And guiltily to your
Feet you start,
Flushing from
Head to toe,
With a
Thumping and a
Pumping of your heart,
Thinking, "Oh have mercy
On my soul,"
And then
To you the teacher says,
"The other John,
If you *please*."
"Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

Dorothy Whitesel, 11A.

THE TRAGEDIES OF A JOKE EDITOR

When you've unscrewed every Quill box and not found a single pun, and to fill your twenty columns you have only just begun, and all your seven classes are as dry as dry can be (how a joke could ever happen there is more than you can see), and you linger in the hall ways to hear something funny said, and all the jokes that happen in, are so old they're almost dead, and when you're in a hurry you lose your Quill notebook, and lessons go unstudied while you run around and look, and then when you sit down to rest, all tired out with strife and find jokes sent in as "'riginal" really come from "Spice of Life," and our industrious manager, too much advertising sold, and jokes must be cut out to wait until they grow quite old, you have an awful feeling and soon begin to see, that a Joke Editor's position can be almost TRAGEDY.

Margaret Gruener, 12B.



WHO?

Crowds around her flock and gather
Asking questions of all kinds.
Where to find the gym or annex,
If a locker key was turned in,
Where could one find Mrs. Roush,
Is Mr. Burton busy now?
Patiently their questions answers
"No, your pen has not been found."
Or, "Mr. Warren's room is next door
And I think he's in there now."
Then to some fond parent's answers
"Yes, we'll tell your John for you,
You must have that meat for supper."
"No, Miss Curtis, is not here yet."
"There will be no school tomorrow."
"You must have three years of history
Before you graduate from here."
"Your major can be French and Latin."
"Yes, you can use the nickel phone."
"Get those O. K.'d by the nurse."
Thus *she* always answers questions,
Suppose you answer this one,
Who is she?

Madelaine Mershon, 12A.

EVILUTION

	and then
Just a Freshman.....	" "
Track	" "
Student Council.....	" "
Basket Ball.....	" "
E Epi Tan.....	" "
Head Cheer Leader.....	" "
Latin Club Secretary.....	" "
Ten Committee Jobs.....	" "
Captain of the Football Team.....	" "
Hi-Y President.....	" "
Golf Champion.....	" "
Senior President.....	" "
Voted most popular man in school.....	" "

AND THEN

(Elevator Boy at Oransky's)



What's Doing?

QUILLIAMS

THEODORE LIVINGSTON and Isidore Lebowitz were visiting at East High on January 18, 1922.

KARL VOLDENG came in to see the staff work the other day and exclaimed, "So this is Quill?"

WE WONDER if Claire Yohe sleeps with Robert's Rules of Order under his pillow. Some of the S. C. members think he does.

PAUL SKEETERS said that if he had continued Latin after the second year he would never have received an honorarium.

WHO DROPPED the fork in the front hall the other day?

RALPH STUTSMAN is teaching all the boys to dance since he visited Miss La Cuta. Clyde Norris, Eugene Brown, and Verne Devine are also victims of Miss La Cuta.

WHO KNOWS B. V. D.?

DID ANYONE else see the classical dancing classes in the left ante-room 6th period the other day, besides K. B.?

DID THEY GET YOURS?

CLAUDE MARSHALL gave this as an excuse, "I didn't have time to get my lesson without taking my book home."

REMEMBER how tragic you felt when your best friend sat in A 1, in the study room, and you sat in J 15?

LA VERNE PETERSON thinks some people don't "cheat fair!"

MONDAY, January 23, will remain a red letter day in the memory of East High. Ellis C., Victor A., and Howard W. got to school before 8:45.

REMEMBER the girls who stood in the hall asking six questions about each poster?

DOES Clyde N. like Charms?



"HOW DO YOU DO?"

On the evening of March 3, the June class of 1922 opened its social activities, with a Get-acquainted Party. The gymnasium was filled almost to capacity with the exceptionally large class of more than two hundred students.

Several "Get-acquainted" games were played. After the refreshments of ice cream and cake were served, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Those who couldn't indulge in this indoor sport, had almost as much fun watching the couples as they glided along the floor to the tune of "Wabash Blues," played by Hauge's Harmony Orchestra. The party was indeed a success and is only the first of the many good times yet to come.

SENIOR CALENDAR

- March 3—Get-acquainted Party.
- March 17—Freshmen-Senior Party.
- April 21—Costume Party.
- No date—Parent's Party.
- No date—Senior Breakfast.
- No date—Dinner Dance.

FIRST MEETING

It was a great shock! But all the Seniors survived. Mr. Burton outlined the things the class could do, and what they were supposed to do. He then introduced Miss Gabriel as our faculty adviser. After a few remarks, she opened nominations for president. Kenneth Bonham was elected. LeRoy Busby was elected vice-president; Alice Miller, secretary; Marvin Holstad, treasurer; Beatrice Slininger and Harold Edwards for the Senior Board. About two hundred Seniors were there.

BITS OF GOSSIP

Miss Brody and Miss Cohen who spent last semester studying at Columbia University, have returned to East High and are teaching English.

Miss Curtis who has for the last several years been teaching the girls' gymnasium classes is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Wisconsin, and has been pledged to the Phi Mu sorority. Mrs. Moffett is taking her place.

Have you seen the books made by the Business English students on display in the clock case in the front hall? The Business English classes have been doing some interesting work and their books are well worth seeing.

Mrs. Ensign, one of East High's former teachers, is teaching here again this semester.

The Register's Essay Contest has proved popular among the students. East High has been well represented among the prize winners. Those who have received prizes are: Carl DuBridge, Hazel Booth, Dorothy Jastrom, and Doris Strait.

For a week or so, the smell of paint and the pounding of hammers assailed us whenever we went in the vicinity of the front corridor. Changes were being wrought. The office has a fresh new coat of paint and the space of the General Office has been partitioned off into offices for Miss Hammer and Mr. Warren.

A slip is the password to the corridors of East High these days. No student is safe without one in the hall during classes. Students police the halls during periods. No stragglers allowed.



AS THE DAYS GO BY

January 23. New semester begins. Three hundred new Freshmen arrive to take the place of sixty-five seniors. Meeting of E Epi Tan and Forensic Clubs.

January 26. Dramatic Club entertains the winners of the ticket selling contest for fall plays with a party on the third floor. Philo girls' banquet in cafeteria.

January 27. Big cast party. Dancing 'n everything. Shakespearean Club meets.

January 30. Hi-Y Ladies' Night. Oh, what fun!

February 2. Special Girls' Assembly. Mrs. Worrell talks to the girls about the Red Cross Pageant.

February 3. Boys' Declamatory try-outs. Clyde Norris, Paul Patterson, Parker York, Orval Armstrong, and John Woodmansee won places. Paul Patterson elected president of Shakespearean Club. Ground-hog saw his shadow; six more weeks of winter.

February 6. Allan Bacon gives annual piano recital. His program was very interesting.

February 8. First senior meeting. Seniors in high spirits. Kenneth Bonham elected president on the first ballot. Boys' Assembly. Mr. Naismith, originator of basketball, talks to the boys about the game.

February 13. E Epi Tan election. Floyd Pickett, president; Leroy Jones, vice-president; Karl Voldeng, secretary; Paul Goodrich, treasurer. Normal Training Class entertained the Band at a Valentine party.

February 14. Valentine's Day. The usual hearts and flowers.

February 22. George Washington's Birthday. Assembly observing both Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Half holiday.

February 24. Declamatory contest assembly. Orval Armstrong and Parker York won the final try-outs. Forensic and E Epi Tan held party dance.

February 27. Hooray! Another assembly. Rev. Von Bruch talks.

March 1. Parents Day. Lots of the folks were up to see us work.

March 6. Meeting of Girls' Hi-Y. Talks on Art, Poetry, Books, and Music.

March 10. Assembly in charge of Student Council. New officers introduced. Awards given to winners in the Register and Tribune Essay Contest.

AN INTERESTING VISITOR

We were greatly privileged to have as speaker for the Girls' Assembly on February 2, Mrs. Ruth Worrell, writer of the Red Cross Pageant. She gave us a general review of the Pageant. It portrays the growth and development of the Red Cross. The motive of it all is Humanity—Humanity attended by Love, Mercy, Faith, Hope, Knowledge, Courage, Service and Sacrifice. Historical characters have been chosen who best represent the symbol of service, the Red Cross, long before the Society of the Red Cross was organized.

The story begins with the Good Samaritan, then goes on to Queen Helena, the Knights of the Round Table, Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimean War, and Clara Barton's equally heroic service in the Civil War, to the organization of the Red Cross as an international society by Henri Dunant. The second part shows the Red Cross in the World War, and the third part the different services into which the organization is divided, Home Service, Health Service, etc. The final scene is Columbia's appeal, and the response of the nation to the service of the Red Cross. At the end of Mrs. Worrell's speech we stood at attention while the band played the national anthems of Italy, France, England, and Belgium. At the end of this interesting program the girls sang the Star-Spangled Banner.



THE OBSERVER

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT INTERESTING PEOPLE

Ralph Stutsman says he is the busiest "Guy" going. Besides carrying four full and regular subjects, he is the Editor of the Quill, a member of the Hi-Y and E Epi Tan, and the lucky possessor of a year around job.

Lucille Brody says she doesn't like Latin. Yet, look at the grades she gets!

John Bloem can be seen every morning, noon, and afternoon, talking to a certain young lady. But that isn't all he does. He is the Business Manager of the Quill, secretary of the Shakespeare Club, secretary of the Hi-Y, and a member of the community play cast. Besides all of these activities, he is learning to be a clothier at Markussen's.

"Who is that tall, good-looking fellow in the green sweater, who always is running around the halls?" a certain young lady asked me the other day. Of course it was none other than Kenneth Bonham, president of the Senior Class, Athletic Editor of the Quill, and a member of the Forensic and Hi-Y Clubs.

Do you know who is responsible for the circulation of the Quill? Verne Devine, circulation manager, devotes his time every seventh period, in order that East High may receive the Quill at the proper time. Besides this, four organizations claim his membership, the Hi-Y, E Epi Tan, Shakespeare and Spanish Clubs.

When the Student Council was organized this semester, Paul Patterson was elected its vice-president. When the Shakespeare Club became an active organization, Paul became its president. As a member of the E Epi Tan, Hi-Y, community play, Boys' Quartet and the Declamatory team, he is indeed serving East High well.

Not to change the subject any, but we really have some interesting young ladies in our midst. Alice E. Miller is not only the secretary of the Senior Class now, but was secretary of the Dramatic Club and Student Council last semester. She is also an active member of the Spanish and Shakespeare Clubs.

Another one of our active girls is Alixe Parks. The Dramatic Club claims her as its secretary. The Girls' Hi-Y, Student Council, and community play simply could not do without her.

Orval Armstrong is one of our most popular Seniors. Although he is working his way through school, he finds time for outside activities. As president of two organizations, the Hi-Y and Student Council, his services are invaluable. The Forensic, Shakespeare Club, Community play, and Declamatory Contest, also claim a part of his time.

Editor's Note: The Observer will continue these articles together with several other interesting features in the June Commencement issue of the Quill. He has been secured at a great expense, and we hope our readers will be satisfied.



COMMENCEMENT ASSEMBLY

One of the sad events of high school life is the senior assembly. You say a senior just can't feel sad, but wait until you take your seat on the platform for the last time and look into the faces of the student body and faculty with the queer sensation that you are leaving them to reach further out into the world. Fully as much regret is experienced by the under classmen as they look into the senior's faces, the faces of the students that have meant life to the school. It was with this queer sense of loneliness that the student body of East High viewed the mid-year senior class who had assembled in a body on the platform for the last time.

Our sense of loneliness was double this year because we all realized we were to hear from our coach Mr. Moyer for the last time. It was hard to imagine East High without Mr. Moyer, the pilot of our football team, and the real friend of East High.

Mr. Burton presented honoraria to the following: Arvid Mellin, Leonard Anderson, and Cale Wilkinson, for athletics; Paul Skeeters, Ruth Carper, Jeanette McCrillis, Christina Thompson, and Leroy Bruce, for scholarship; Florence Ostlund, for scholarship and general service; Katherine Kountz for service to the Quill. Mr. Burton spoke for a moment on what a wonderful achievement it is to win an honorarium. These medals are a thing to be proud of and are well worth striving for.

We were all glad to hear from Arvid Mellin again. In a few fitting words he expressed East High's regret in losing Coach Lester Moyer, before presenting him with a gold watch, chain, knife, and a gold charm in the form of a football, as a token of our indebtedness to him for his unselfish services to our school. East High certainly wishes Mr. Moyer success in his new work and will always remember him with a great respect for his unequalled ability as a coach.

Coach Moyer presented one year letters to five football men, two year monograms to seven men, and a three year monogram to Byron Johnson. Bobbie Grund received a letter for service on the team and our yell leaders, Gaylord Case and Paul Patterson, received letters for their services.

A LITTLE LOCAL COLOR

On the evening of February 7, East High Community course patrons had the pleasure of hearing a concert given by Vasa Prihoda. Before the program began, two of us ushers asked the favor of an interview with his accompanist, Otto Eisen, as Mr. Prihoda can not speak English.

We had a little difficulty in making them understand our questions; nevertheless we found out the following facts:

Vasa Prihoda is of Bohemian parentage. His father is a musical director in Prague. At the age of five Prihoda began the study of the violin under the direction of his father. At ten years of age he began work on the concert stage. When he was eighteen, he made his first real appearance in Bohemia. He then went to Milan to look for work. After a very unsuccessful search for employment, he happened in at a fashionable coffee house, on Christmas Day. He offered to play a solo before the crowd and the proprietor gladly consented. Several prominent critics were among the listeners and were very much impressed with him; they took Prihoda in hand at once. Fortune then favored him. Several musical engagements followed. He is now making a tour of America. It is interesting to note that he is only twenty-one years of age, and one of the rising young violinists of the country.



PATRIOTIC ASSEMBLY

Our Washington's birthday assembly, in commemoration of two of the nation's greatest men, Washington and Lincoln, seemed to lack the festive air that has been shown on former occasions. We seemed to see that something was wrong the moment we entered the auditorium. What was it? The band was playing as they always had done; the platform was decorated with busts of our heroes, Washington and Lincoln; the flag held a place of prominence, the chairs were on the stage awaiting the speakers; but where was the Drum Corps? What was the matter with that assembly? It certainly lacked something. All the students found seats and seemed to be settling down. Where was Mr. Burton, our principal?—At last he came upon the stage, and in his usual way introduced the speakers.

It slowly dawned upon the student body that the time has come when the student body of East High must remember the Drum Corps, not by their looks or martial music, but by the deeds they have accomplished in a way that has made their country proud to own them.

After the band played another number, we were very glad to hear from Col. Bennett of the late war who paid homage to the nation's heroes in a very fitting manner. It made us feel at home to hear from Dr. Chase and Mrs. Snyder, who have made East High feel very indebted to them for their loyalty to our school.

Karl Voldeng and Floyd Pickett gave readings of famous orations before Mr. Burton presented Mrs. Snyder, Col. Bennett, and Dr. Chase with roses in appreciation of their services to East High in the name of their country. Potted plants were presented to the living members of the Drum Corps. Raymond Knutson and Albert Sterzing received roses for their services to their country, and for their sacrifices in giving up East High for those long months of drill and fighting. The most impressive part of the service was the dedicating of a rose with a broken stem to former East High boys who gave up everything they had, even their lives, in defense of their country.

ASSEMBLY

An assembly was called on February 27, at which time students of East High had the privilege of hearing Rev. Harry Von Bruch, who is conducting evangelistic services at the Calvary Baptist Church. His brother, Mr. Walter Von Bruch, played the cornet and his singing evangelist favored us with some solos. The trio gave a splendid little program that was enjoyed by all students in attendance.

BOYS' ASSEMBLY

It was indeed a privilege for East High boys to hear the story of basketball from the originator, Dr. Naismith. Dr. Naismith attended the Y. M. C. A. School of Boston in the later eighties and while there he was sent to see what he could do with a class of boys in a near-by school who had rebelled against the methods of physical training. After being there almost two weeks he felt the need of a new game, something to interest the boys during the long months between football season and track season. Dr. Naismith decided it was his place to invent a new game, one that the boys would like to play. He realized the boys liked football more than any other game; they must have a reason for liking it; but what was the reason? They must like it because they like to pass a ball around; then the new game must be based on the idea of passing a ball around. The only fault with football was that it was too rough for indoor playing. Dr. Naismith took all these points into consideration and worked out the game that is played all over the world with the same amount of enthusiasm and pep that characterizes it in America.



CAN YOU REMEMBER WHEN:

1. Wayman Gift was a freshman?
2. Our first football team was organized?
3. Archie Johnson made his sensational run in 1921?
4. We had seven assemblies in one day?
5. We used overflow study rooms?
6. Room 305 was a typewriting room?
7. When "big boys" came in as "Freshmen?"
8. There was no paper on the floor?
9. No one wanted assemblies?
10. Senior parties were "dead?"
11. Seniors were respected?
12. The big clock in the hall was not a curiosity?
13. Mr. Burton was a man to be held in awe and reverence?
14. Miss Goodrell was principal?
15. The cafeteria was crowded?

THE CAST PARTY-DANCE

The evening of January 27, will be remembered by the casts of the three plays, "Miss Civilization," "The Masque of the Two Strangers," and "Christmas Boxes." The casts gathered on the third floor at 7:45, where they began the pleasant activities of the evening. Excellent music, very tasty punch, and plenty of dancing partners contributed to the enjoyment of the party.

A few alumnae were present who seemed to enjoy being back at East High. The meeting served to bring all present into a closer friendship, especially as it marked the close of the trials and tribulations that had been overcome. This was especially true in the case of the girls who had to dance with boys who couldn't. Everybody felt well repaid for the work and time spent in preparing and giving the plays.

IS IT TRUE THAT:

1. Some Seniors are going to protest against so many assemblies?
2. Nobody ever wants the presidency of the Student Council?
3. Ralph Stutsman forgot how to dance?
4. Everyone wants Senior meetings after school hours?
5. There was no paper on the floor the other day?
6. All the janitors urge gum chewing?
7. Study Room 219 is overcrowded the first period?
8. Miss McBride doesn't know what a "funkee" is?
9. Miss Beliet likes mice?
10. No one ever used the magazine rack in the library?
11. Mr. Warren is never busy?
12. The Physics boys never get shocks when studying electricity?
13. Everyone was satisfied with our last issue of the Quill?
14. Miss Needles' room is a favorite resting place?
15. Miss St. John has decided to grow some more?



Organizations



SHAKESPEARE

"More matter and less art," quoth Shakespeare; but the Shakespeareans are using a little of each. At the first regular meeting Paul Patterson was chosen president; Clyde Norris, vice president; and John Bloem, secretary. The chairmen of the various committees were appointed as follows: Clyde Norris, program; Floyd Pickett, membership; Orval Armstrong, initiation; and Pauline R. Plumb, publicity.

The second meeting was in the nature of a "Get-together and Get-acquainted Party." Games were played, speeches were made, and refreshments were served. Every one declared the party the best ever and was in favor of more.

At the third meeting an amendment was passed to the effect that meetings should be held every two weeks. The first real program of the year was given.

Friday, March 3, was declared Julius Caesar Day. Accordingly, a Caesar program was given. Nordell Koester outlined the play, and then the question, Resolved: That Brutus was a coward, was debated by Mary Morrison and Charles Shane. General discussion was then held. With good, snappy programs we should have one of the best clubs in the school.

Pauline R. Plumb, 12A.

FRENCH CLUB

It must not be forgotten that there are a few "Frenchies" left in the club which was organized last semester. Mademoiselle Sprague called a meeting of the French Club a short time ago and the new officers were elected. After the business was over, games were played. All students taking French are cordially invited to attend our meetings. Watch the bulletin board for the next one. Il faut que vous soyez là parce que nous aurons un temps heureux.

Ransom Burris, 12A.

"THE SWEET FAMILY"

This was the name of a little play which visited East High a short time ago. It did not present itself before the whole school, but appeared before the Philo-matheans only. Some of the Philo members presented it and I am sure that if you had seen this family you would have agreed that the cast was composed of some exceedingly "sweet" girls. They were all supposed to be very accomplished—but they were not.

Minnie Boos, 12A.

EL ESPANOL

The students of the Spanish department have organized a Spanish Club for their mutual benefit. Two meetings were held last semester at which temporary officers were chosen—Melvin Willis, president; Effie Holstad, secretary.

On March 1, a meeting was held in the Music Room. The officers elected were: Karl Vo'deng, president; Ezra Ellis, vice president; and Helen Friend, secretary. Constitutional and program committees were appointed the following day.

With the assistance of our faculty advisers, Miss Balliet and Miss Ullrich, our enthusiastic membership, and our live-wire executive committee, we are sure to make the club a success.

Helen Friend, 12B.



OUR SECRETARY FROM THE Y. M. C. A.

Many of you have noticed a quiet, unobtrusive man with the boys at East High, sometimes visiting classes, and at other times at the Hi-Y meetings. He makes himself one of the boys so well that we hardly know that we have a visitor in our midst. This man, liked by every boy that knows him, is Mr. Kurt Chapman, the man whom the Y. M. C. A. has placed in charge of our Hi-Y work. I am sure that all of you will be interested in learning something about Mr. Chapman, and as he is a fellow who doesn't believe in blowing his own horn, somebody else will have to publish the facts.

He was born at Hawarden, a little town in the northwestern part of the state, of parents in moderate circumstances. A large part of his school life was spent at Red Oak, where he finished the eighth grade and began his high school course. He left Red Oak before he was through high school and went to Cedar Rapids, where he entered the Preparatory School at Coe Academy. He worked his way through school, and finished his first two years of college work. Hearing his country's call he joined the service in 1917.

In the spring, he entered the Officers' Training School at Fort Snelling. He received his commission in August and was ordered to Camp Mills on Long Island, where he was assigned to the 168th Infantry as a second lieutenant. He served with the 168th during his sojourn in France. After his first encounter, he was made a first lieutenant. He was in many engagements, the most notable ones being at Sergy, San Mihiel, and the Argonne. At Sergy he was wounded but returned to his outfit in a short time. During these battles he won the Croix de Guerre for action.

In June of 1919, he was discharged from the army of occupation and returned to Coe College in the fall. He received his B.A. degree in 1920, but was desirous of securing all the education that was possible, so he went to Yale the next fall where he did post-graduate work during 1920 and 1921. Last August he began his Association work and has been working with boys ever since.

He has obtained his education through his own efforts, and still desires to go to school. At Coe he received a scholarship which helped him materially in putting himself through school. He believes very strongly that every person should get all the education possible, and that it should be physical as well as mental. "Pull with the other fellow to advance as far as possible" is his motto at all times. "Place your ideals very high and then live up to them and make this world a better place to live in" is his advice to all young people. He has placed his own ideals very high and is living up to them in a way that any of the boys would do well to follow.

PHILO BANQUET

The Philo girls and several of the alumnae enjoyed a banquet which was held in the school cafeteria January 26, to celebrate the birthday of the society. Alice Mathews entertained us by playing the piano during the banquet. Madelaine Mershon was the toastmistress for the evening. The toasts were:

P-ast, Dorothy Pearson.
H-appiness, Irene Morgan.
I-nterest, Zannah Moore.
L-looking On, Miss Wood.
O-ut'ook, Dorothy Dresslein.

The evening was spent in visiting and dancing. All of us were glad that we were members of the Philomathean Literary Society.



OUR SECRETARY FROM THE Y. W. C. A.

The success of the Hi-Y W.'s work this year has been largely due to the fine support of our secretary, Miss Laura McClary. Most all the "Y" girls know Miss McClary, but a few interesting facts about her work before we knew her will make us feel better acquainted with her.

Her birth-place was on a farm near Garden Grove, but she lived there only two years until she moved to her present residence on Eighteenth Street. Her early schooling was obtained at Olive McHenry. It is said that she was a "perfect angel" during the entire eight years in grade school, never once having whispered or chewed gum, tho' she did slap some of the small boys who pulled her curls. Oh, yes! she had curls—lovely, long, brown ones.

After finishing grade school she entered West High, where she was second honor student throughout the entire four years. She never even had the thrill of receiving a pink slip, because she was such a wonderful 'reciter.' When she graduated she received an honor scholarship to Drake for one year and a service scholarship for the remaining three years.

She helped to put herself through college by tutoring during vacation periods. For the next three years after leaving Drake she taught in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It was here that she first became affiliated with Y. W. C. A. work, holding the position of Y. W. adviser. It was soon after leaving Chicago University where she was taking post graduate work, that the world war began. She volunteered for Secret Service work in Washington, D. C., and was accepted as a Criptographer. It was her work to help in deciphering the letters and code messages of German spies. The work was exceedingly interesting.

After the war was over she came to Des Moines where she was soon offered the Y. secretaryship and has been loyally helping the girls ever since.

Lolita Mitchell, 11A.

A VALENTINE PARTY

If there ever was a day that will be remembered by the band boys, it will be the one on which the Valentine party was given to them by the Normal Training girls. There has been a great deal of friendly feeling between the two groups, so the boys were greatly delighted when Mr. Baker read the invitation.

The third floor was decorated for the party and it was hard to believe that that hall could be made so attractive. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. All of the games were very exciting and everyone entered into the contests. The refreshments were appropriate for the occasion.

All the boys had a fine time and they greatly appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Normal Training girls.

Karl Voldeng, 12A.

HI-Y PATRIOTIC MEETING

At the Hi-Y meeting in memory of George Washington, Miss Lulu Auracher of the Continuation School discussed some of the splendid Americanization work that is being done there. She told us that there were people who were speaking twenty-one different languages and who were taking work at the school. Miss Auracher related so many stories of their efforts and rapid progress, that we already seemed to be acquainted with her folks, but we wanted to know them better.

The program was concluded by Helen Friend who sang, "In Flander's Fields," and by Marguerite Hartman who gave the reading, "The Three Weavers."

Marguerite Hartman, 11A.



LADIES' NIGHT

On the evening of January 30, the members of the Boys' Hi-Y brought their friends of the fair sex to the annual Ladies' Night of the club. A goodly number of couples and otherwise, assembled in the front hall just about 6:30 P. M., where they gossiped and shook hands with each other (most of them knew each other) until time to go to the cafeteria. As there were a good many bachelors in the assembly, the couples were allowed to go in first and select the most advantageous position with regard to the eats. A surprise was in store for the bachelors. This one evening they were to be the aristocratic group and had a table all to themselves. After they were seated each boy obtained eats for his friend and himself.

After the bounteous repast a few short talks were given. Al Scott, representing West High, said a few words in appreciation of the good time and feed that the West High visitors had had. Miss Madalynn Philleo told us some of her ideals of a perfect young man. There are not many of the boys who could measure up to the standard set by her, but if the boys of the school would try to do it, East High would be improved very much. Orval Armstrong, our president, gave us some characteristics of an ideal girl. Mr. Wilson then impressed us with several important truths. After these talks the meeting adjourned to the gymnasium.

We had games in abundance. Two groups were formed and a score card was kept for each group. Team B, commanded by Leroy Jones, obtained the lead in the first contest and was never headed. The competition was keen, however. Team B managed to win most of the time by only small margins. Team A won only one battle, the "Auto Race," due mainly to the superiority of their "auto's" legs.

At the close, Team B was presented with a fine aluminum cup filled with salted peanuts, which were very welcome indeed. There must have been several quarts of peanuts, at least, as the combined efforts of the two teams could hardly overcome them. We certainly were not hungry when we left.

SECRETS

Can a girl keep a secret? If you wish to know, ask any of the Dramatic Club girls, or the members of the winning home rooms in the ticket selling contest for the Fall plays. The winners were entertained at a party given by the losing side of the Dramatic Club, who presented a program that was the best we have had. First, Ida Rudston and Minnie Shnieder, dressed as twins, gave a dance that was enjoyed by all. This was followed by a clever reading given by Alice Miller, and a two act play, which was a real treat. Alice Miller starred as the unlucky girl who tried to deceive her mother but failed. Alixie Park, Madalynn Philleo, Beatrice Slininger, Pauline Plumb, Louise Gladstone, Marian Ackerson, and Mabel Warner took the parts of her friends who aided in her unsuccessful attempt at deception. Bernice Devine as her mother, and Letha Gail Hosteter as the younger sister, afforded much amusement by their actions. Florence McGaffey directed this play very creditably. Next came the most important part of the program—the refreshments, which were followed by dancing. Everyone will agree that he was well repaid for his efforts in the contest.

Katherine Fulton, 11A.

THE BAND

The band has made a great deal of progress during the past semester. There are more than twenty boys in the organization, and each is faithfully working



to hold up his part in the machine. Some of the students have taken music as a sort of side line which goes with the rest of their education, while others have chosen this work as a start toward a musical career. As a whole, the band has made good and East High can well be proud of it, and of the musical director, Mr. Baker, who is responsible for the good work of the music department.

Karl Voldeng, 12A.

E EPI TAN

The members of this society have well demonstrated the value of the literary training that the E Epi Tan provides, by placing members on the different teams that represent East High in interscholastic contests. The seven members of the two East High debating teams were members of the E Epi Tan; and our former president, Parker York, won a place on the Declamatory team. Although the extemporaneous speaking team is not yet chosen, several members of the society are trying out and it is expected that one or more of them will win places on the team.

While the E Epi Tan is a literary society, social activities are not entirely neglected. An open meeting was held in the Music Room on February 13. Several musical numbers, a mock wedding, and a mock divorce completed the program. Ralph Stutsman as minister, Eugene Brown as bride, and Joe Carper as the unlucky bridegroom, furnished much amusement.

Perle Devine, 12A.

NEWS NOTES

BOYS' QUARTET—Yes, we are here, although you haven't heard from us for some time; but there is always a lull before the storm. At present we need a good first baseman. However, if anyone wishes the boys to sing at any time or any place, just notify Malcolm Love or Ransom Burris and they will arrange a suitable program.

NEW OFFICERS for the French Club are Grace Everly, president; Harold Mathis, vice president; and Ransom Burris, secretary.

STUDENT COUNCIL election of officers was postponed because of the fact that last semester's officers had not completed some necessary business. Nevertheless on February 21, the new officers were elected: Orval Armstrong, president; Paul Patterson, vice president; and Maudie Long, secretary.

THE FORENSIC put on a program during the social hour.

FORENSIC INITIATION—Hot dog! Hot hand! Hot head! We didn't treat the boys very rough. "Walk" McDonald "sho do" wield a mean broom. Craig McKee says that he doesn't mind riding the goat but he hates to be one. The gymnasium fairly rang with the joyous shouts of the playful Forensic boys, March 7. A good time was had by all????

E. EPI TAN-FORENSIC PARTY-DANCE—On February 24, a joint party-dance was given by the members of the E Epi Tan and Forensic clubs. On the third floor, dancing and games were enjoyed by all who were present and we're sure that the affair helped to establish friendlier relations between the two clubs.

P. T. A.—On Valentine Day, the members of P. T. A. met on the third floor for an exceedingly interesting meeting. A vocal duet by the Misses Louise Batchelor and Helen Friend was very pleasing. Mr. Rupe then gave an educa-



tional talk and brought home many truths to the parents and to the teachers. Regular refreshments with the addition of candy hearts were served to about seventy-five. The hall was decorated for the occasion with red flowers and other valentine decorations.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL is securing the interesting programs that have been given at the social hours.

OFFICERS of the P. T. A. are Mrs. Grove, president; Mrs. L. R. Danes, vice president; Mrs. Lightfoot, recording secretary; Mrs. Steddings, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Woodmansee, treasurer.

THE BAND played for several assemblies, including the girls' meeting and the Washington Day program in the assembly room.

NEW OFFICERS for the Dramatic Club are Beatrice Slininger, president; Louise Gladstone, vice president; Alix Park, secretary; and Katherine Fulton, treasurer.

THE ORCHESTRA is enjoying a good hard workout of such Overtures as William Tell, Poet and Peasant, Raymond, and a number of other pieces. They also played at the Swedish Baptist Church last month.

THE E EPI TAN put on a program during the social hour.

MAKE UP—The Girls' Dramatic Club held its first meeting of the semester in the Assembly, February 16. The new officers for the coming semester were installed. Miss Corey furnished the entertainment for the meeting by giving the girls a very profitable (for dramatics, only) lesson in "make up."

THE LATIN CLUB has already met three times this semester. Their officers are: Raymond Shaw, president; Dorothy Dresslein, vice president; Miriam Griffith, secretary; Mary Hall and Ralph Ball, sergeants-at-arms. Their faculty advisers are Miss Padmore and Miss Spoor who through their keen interest in the club make it possible for the members to have the worth while programs that have been enjoyed.

A REVIEW of the play, "The New Minister," was given by Josephine Hartman at the Dramatic Club meeting, February 23. During this semester the work will be along more serious lines as the club is making a special study of drama.

G. R. ITEMS—Every year the Girl Reserves of Des Moines improve the billboards of the vicinity by planting flowers, making gravel walks around plots near the billboards, and cleaning up all trash around them. Mr. Stoner of the Stoner-McCray Company helps us by having his men do all the spading, and the hauling away of the trash. The Y. W. C. A. furnishes various kinds of seeds and plants. Last year the East High Girl Reserves won the second prize of \$10.00 in a billboard contest.

THE GIRL RESERVES' annual spring hikes have begun. Almost every corps has hiked to various places in and about the city. Breakfast, dinner, or supper follow up these hikes, according to the time of day.

THE BOYS' HI-Y presented a humorous play entitled, "Gassed," at the social hour on March 9.

STUDENT COUNCIL—The second meeting was held on March 7. Plans for a clean-up campaign were discussed. The arrangement for the distribution of the Quill was also worked out.

"JUMP AT THE LION"—February 15, Rev. Anderson, under the auspices of the Boys' Hi-Y, spoke to us on the subject of overcoming difficulties.



Athletics



COACH MOYER



For the last three years and a half, East High has been very fortunate in having Coach Moyer to guide our teams to victories. Through his excellent work East High has been able to rank among the highest in the city and state athletics.

Out of thirty-two football games in three seasons the Scarlet and Black has won twenty-five, tied one, and lost six. East High won the State Championship in 1920 and 1921. In basketball Coach Moyer's teams have finished second in the city tournaments. In track East High won the Grinnell invitation meet last spring and placed high in the Ames, Iowa, ad State meets.

The entire school regretted very much the news that Coach Moyer would leave us. Ex-Captain Mellin expressed the sentiment of each individual when he said, "We will miss him as we would miss a pal." We are all sure he will be successful in his work in the future. He is teaching algebra and geometry at Ypsilanti, Michigan, High School and coaching their baseball and basketball teams.

BASKETBALL

East High finished second in the first round of the annual city basketball tournament. North High finished first with 648 per cent, East High second with 463 per cent, and West High third with 389 per cent.

It is interesting to note that team F., which was organized after the tournament had started, won two of their games. They had practiced little and as a reward for their work Mr. Wilson gave them an oyster supper. Coach DuBridge has chosen the following men for the varsity team to play the second round of the tournament. The list is as follows: Harold Edwards, Paul Little, Lee Lindblom, Paul Evans, Herbert Miller, Elmo Phillips, William Livingston, Ralph Jensen, Robert Grund, Marvin Holstad, Luverne Witmer, and Louis Danes.



TRACK PROSPECTS

East High's track prospects are brighter than usual this spring. We are fortunate this year in having more than a dozen veterans of last year's track team back. We will be especially strong in the dashes and hurdles. The veterans back from last year are:

100 and 220 dashes—Robert Grund, Johnson, Larson, Geyer, Little, and Edwards.

880 run—Jensen and Grove.

Mile run—R. Johnson and C. DuBridge.

Shot put—Little, Lindblom, and O'Dell.

Discus throw—Little and Lindblom.

Broad jump—Grund, Larson, and Edwards.

High hurdles—Temby.

Low hurdles—A. Johnson, R. Johnson, Temby, Grund, and Larson.

Pole Vault—A. Johnson, Sheets, and Anderson.

High jump—Jensen and Geyer.

Captain "Jack" Groves, who won the half mile last year in the city meet, will be unable to run until the latter part of the season. Jack underwent an operation for appendicitis a few days ago, but is getting along very well.

AMES SWIMMING MEET

East High was not as fortunate in the Ames swimming meet as the two other Des Moines High Schools. West High won first place, North High won second, and East High took third. East made a fine showing considering that the team was composed of only three men: Bazel Plummer, George Turbett, and Ellis Conkling.

Bazel Plummer took second place in the fancy dives, George Turbett took second in the back stroke, and Ellis Conkling swam in the finals in the back stroke. We will have a much larger team to represent us in the Iowa meet and expect to take a high place.



Alumni



AN OLD TIME LETTER OF EAST HIGH SPIRIT

This letter was received by the manager of the East High football team of 1899. It was written by four former football players who were in the Philippine Islands in the Spanish-American War. It was printed in the Quill at the time of its receipt, was saved, and was handed to the Quill for this issue by an active member of our East High Alumni.

Mr. Garton is secretary of the Des Moines school board, Claude Bain is now dead, Win Doran is somewhere in Nebraska, and Allie Drake is city auditor of Seattle.

U. S. Transport Pennsylvania,
Harbor of Iloilo, Panay, P. I., January 15, 1899.

Manager of the E. H. S. Football Team.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, ex-members of the E. H. S. football team and at present of Company H, Fifty-first Iowa Infantry, U. S. V., herewith desire to convey our heartiest congratulations to the members of the E. H. S. football team for the glorious victories of November 19 and November 24, which demonstrated their superiority on the high school gridiron and won for them the championship of Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri. Due to our present isolation, we are unable to show our pride in your prowess to representatives of any of the last three mentioned states, but it was of infinite satisfaction to witness the discomfiture of the boys of Company A from West Des Moines, and of Company M from Red Oak when on the receipt of the joyous news January 13, our yell was vigorously given, probably a greater distance from the seat of its Alma Mater than a school yell has ever been known to be heard before, and was almost loud enough to have been echoed back from the hills of Panay and Guamara.

Fraternally yours,

George S. Garton,
Team of 1894.

Claude J. Bain,
Team of 1894.

Win D. Doran,
Team of 1895.

Allie T. Drake,
Team of 1895.

Many of our former graduates are back in school as post graduates: Paul Skeeters, Katherine Kountz, Alice Monteith, Laurene Smith, Theodore Standers, Don Waters, Don Peterson, Esther Bird, Nellie Scott, Marjorie Miller, Mary Jane Dooley, Norma Miller, Agnes McBride, and Marjorie Mil'er of the mid-year class of '22; Cleda Bogue, summer school, '21; Ralph Brown, Albert Sterzing, Lovelle Downing, Rolla Tew, and Frank Anderson of '21.

NEWS NOTES

On Thursday, February 9, a surprise dinner was given for Miss Goodrell at her home on Easton Boulevard. Those present are now at Drake and were all former teachers or students of East High while Miss Goodrell was principal.



The dinner was prepared by the Misses Ruth Shaw, Helen Yarn, and Mabel Burnett, Drake students and graduates of East High. Covers were laid for Miss Goodrell; Miss Estelle Patterson, instructor at East High; Ossie Solem, former coach at East High and now coach at Drake; Pete Welsh, Ed Lytton, Ted Long, Ray Thorpe, Cleatie Devine, Ray Patterson, Al Krueger, John Hanstrom, Bob McKee, Loyal Hibbs, Ben Lingenfelter and Johnnie Johnson.

Katherine Conrad, '12, is a member of the publicity department of the Hearst's publications, doing special work for Good Housekeeping and Harper's Bazaar.

Isaphene Haas, '12, is traveling through Europe, and when last heard from was in Italy.

Robert Bayley, a former member of East High, is now with the Princess Stock Company.

Burdeen Smith, '19, is now Mrs. Paul Larson.

Helen Keyes, '19, is a stenographer at the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Lucy Marohn, '21, is employed at the Travelers Insurance.

Mabel Hedberg-Squires is the proud mother of a baby daughter.

Harold Running, '21, is employed at Frankel's Clothing Store.

Paul Ransom, '21, is technician at the Physician's X-Ray Laboratory in the Bankers Trust Building.

Gladys Springer, '21, and Lorna Kimberling, '20, are working at Younkers.

Ethel Wilson, '16, is teaching music.

Loren Taylor, '19, is proprietor of a tire and repair shop in Bedford with his brother.

Gerald Philleo, '15, is employed at the Kruidenier Cadillac Company.

Clair L. Rockholz, '21, is in the movie business.

Marie West, '21, is teaching at Hammer School, and Matilda Mally, '18, is teaching at Center School.

Geneva Sandolm, '21, is with the Iowa State Teachers' Association.

Lenna Packer, '18, is working at the County Recorder's office.

Blanche Lindblom, '17, is secretary at the State Food and Dairy Commission.

EAST HIGH ALUMNI VISITORS

Dr. Henry Willits, '10, who is practicing dentistry in Dubuque, spent Christmas with his family in Des Moines.

Carl Traeger, '11, who was an Ensign in the Pacific Fleet during the war, recently stopped off in this city. He had just come from Newport News, at which port he had been discharged from the navy after a trip around the world, having started from Maré Island. In Hayti, he saw Carl Trexel, also of the class of 1911, who is a commissioned officer in the Navy, but is assigned to the Haytian Government as an engineer. Mr. Traeger remarked that Mr. Trexel is enjoying the pleasure of possessing a French villa and a household of equal splendor. Mr. Traeger later left for California in which state he intends to make his home.

Ed Everett, '11, of Billings, Montana, while visiting in this city commented upon the unusualness of his receiving a copy of the Quill. His office boy by some sort of chance had the Quill, and it attracted the notice of Mr. Everett. He said it was a great treat for him to receive this copy as it was the first one he had seen for some time.



Exchange



As spring comes racing along in all her freshened glory, many new exchanges also come our way. We are always anxious to welcome recent friends, who have found their way to us. Our exchange list already covers eighteen states of the United States. It is our ambition to have at least one magazine from every state before the year closes.

NOOZY NOTES

"The Messenger," of Wichita, Kansas, a new and recent caller, has a group of very fine stories, both Thanksgiving and Christmas. Their annual, "The Wichitan" is, also, a good looking magazine.

From "The Lowell" of San Francisco, we learn many interesting things. They have a Musical Club, also a Camera Club.

In the message to the Freshman from the President, they are urged to go in for all school activities and join some outside activity.

The Spanish Club of Knox College had a meeting with a "Bull Fight" as the chief interest, according to the "Knox Student."

"The Idea" of Somerset, Kentucky, tells us that they are rejoicing over the fact that they have been placed on the accredited list of high schools. This is something they have been working toward for a long time.

Through the wishes of Mary White, a former pupil of Emporia High of Emporia, Kansas, who died last year, a rest room has been established for the colored girls of this school. The room was set apart by the school authorities and furnished by the girl's parents.

"The Echo," their school paper, is well written.

The "Harpoon" of Amos Hiatt is a small paper, but East High is always glad to see it, because to many it brings back pleasant memories.

"The Unionite" of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is an interesting magazine. We liked your Horoscope Number particularly well.

"The Obelisk" of Murphysboro, Illinois, is a fine school paper. It is full of school news and we liked the story, "The Misfit Match."

We liked the photographs in "The Forum" from Senn High, Chicago, very well. Your "Green Parrot" department is both interesting and new.

"The Kyote" from Billings, Montana, has a column of jokes that are entertaining.



Banter



Spring is here with its "Clean Up" "Paint Up" slogans. "Clean Up, Paint Up" what?—why, one's home of course; and what but his locker in the student's home?



How may we clean up, decorate and beautify our lockers? I have with much thought drawn up a few suggestions which I think can solve this serious problem, and will now present them for your consideration.

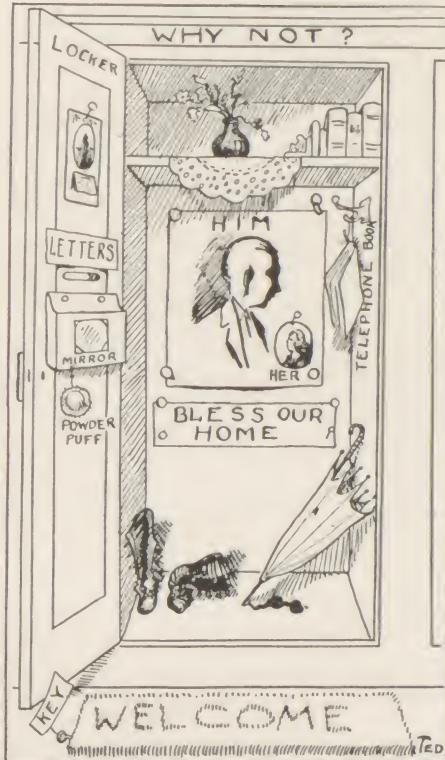
There are many appropriate mottoes which will aid in beautifying the locker. A "Welcome Home" swinging from the locker shelf would be the first thing seen upon entrance and give the student a cheery assurance of a haven of rest. "Home is where the Heart is" might be tacked to the door.

Someone taking Art could make a "lunching" wage by printing these mottoes which could be sold at the supply room.

Two weeks, of course, will be laid aside in the sewing classes for the express purpose of embroidering doilies for our locker shelves.

A mail box should be installed in the lockers for the convenience of those who have friends of a literary tendency who love to scribble notes between classes.

To give the locker a more "homey" atmosphere, a door mat might be placed at the entrance of our domiciles. This would solve the "locker key difficulty" as keys will be kept under the mats. This will make losing keys impossible.



Students who have some special hobby as Movies, Prize Fighting, or Baseball, could keep pictures of their heroes tacked on the door below the "Hall Mirror."

An honorarium for "Interior Decorating" should be given to the Senior showing the most originality in the arrangement of his locker.

It is suggested that a copy of "The House Beautiful" be kept in the library where it can be easily attainable for the student's perusal.



A Bit Uncertain

K. Bonham—Lend me a dollar for a week, old man?

L. Busby—Sure, but who is the weak old man?

The Quill

Mrs. Alderson, reading over a list of personal wants of students in her first hour Economic class found this listed:

I want a good husband
and I want to go to Heaven.

P. S.—Always knew there were some angels in 106.

□ □

Orval Armstrong (In Assembly)—If you're in the platform, will you please come to the audience?

□ □

Miss McBride—Who in here has "Country Manners"?

□ □

Sure of the Place

Paul Patterson (as he was elected President of Shakespeare Club)—I don't have my speech made up because I thought we'd vote next time.

□ □

Sam I.—In this period of literature they began having women as heroes.

□ □

A Bit Too Early

Electioneer to Madelaine M. as she was coming to school: Are you going to vote today, Madam?

□ □

Miss Beman—Where are you from?

Louise J.—Iowa.

Miss B.—What part?

Louise J.—All of me.

□ □

Overheard in Domestic Science

Miss Snook—There's a fly in that pudding.

Hazel C.—Poor thing!

□ □

A New Fad?

Mrs. Ashley—Ruth, did you have any company when I was gone?

Ruth—Only the Dramatic Club.

Mrs. A.—Well, one of them left her pipe on the piano.

□ □

Remember the little girl who ran to the window and threw up the sash?

□ □

The Feminine Mind

John B.—The spark plug is broken all to pieces.

Lillias—It won't show, will it?

Aristocrat (returning to school)—My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror.

The New Girl—That's nothing! My father came over in the same boat with Mary Pickford!—Ex.

□ □

DON'TS FOR SENIORS

- 1—Don't ask permission to speak; the teachers prefer that you yell out.
- 2—Don't walk quietly in the study halls; the pupils love to be disturbed.
- 3—Don't prepare your lesson; it isn't good form.
- 4—Don't hand a book to anyone; throw it; it saves time and makes more noise.
- 5—Don't take a hard subject; it causes mental exertion.
- 6—Don't carry scrap paper to the waste basket; drop it quietly on the floor; the janitors want to have some signs to know where they have swept.
- 7—Don't get "1's"; you will set a bad example for freshmen.

□ □

O Gosh! O Galosh!

(To the tune of Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching)
Klop, Klop, Klop, the girls are marching,
Hear them coming for a mile;
With galoshes on their feet
They come klopping down the street,
And they wear them just because they are
in style.

—Ex.



AND WHAT IF THEIR MOTHERS
MADE THEM WEAR 'EM?

Sport Suits for Spring

As prices go back to a pre-war level, so do styles return to more elaborate designs, forbidden during recent years.

Pleated backs and shoulders, belts, patch pockets with flaps are found in the new sport models. Tweed and Herringbones lead in popularity. There's a full range from several leading makers now on display. Choose early.

Have Confidence In Your Clothes

In a season like this, when styles vary widely and novel materials are employed, there is satisfaction in absolutely knowing your clothes are correct in every way.

This confidence comes in having a Garfield suit. Our reputation of more than a quarter century is back of every garment. Have first choice —get a full season's wear.

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CLOTHING CO.
EAST 6TH & LOCUST

MAKE SURE IT IS

Hutchinson's
ICE CREAM



S O L D E V E R Y W H E R E

Have You Heard?—

Are you chewing gum?

No, only paper.

I know what it is, but I can't express it.

Got any powder?

I took the wrong book home.

Why, I think it could be both.

Is my hair all right?

Anyone got a pencil?

What's today's assignment?

I lost my locker key.

Can you lend me a dime?

Got any extra paper?

I lost my fountain pen.

Respond to the roll call, with your H.
R. teacher's name.

You don't have to take English Seven,
you know.

Gimme an admit.

Why don't you get your lesson?

You're Seniors now.

□ □

Of Course Not

Miss Fackler—Do I have to tell you
every morning to take your gum out of
your mouth?

Sam Hockenberg—Not this gum.

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**GRABER
AND CAVENDER.**

510-512 East Locust Street

OUR new spring Base Ball and Track goods are in and ready for your inspection. Come in, boys, and look them over.

Pogo sticks are also here.
Have you seen them?

HOPKINS BROS. CO.

What Would You Do If—

Parker York had red hair?

Miss Padmore suddenly ceased discussing the "Benefits of Latin?"

The Cafeteria had a big "Three for Five" sale?

One of us could talk Latin fluently?
John was seen without his Lillias?
Wayne Hays graduated?

Norman Powell failed to escort Verna Watson to school?

There was no crowd around the Bulletin Board the 5th or 6th periods?

The teachers went on a strike?
Miss McBride gave everyone a one?

□ □

An Unsolved Mystery

Who broke the punch bowl at the E Epi Tan and Forensic dance?

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There are two kinds of people always in hard luck; those that did it, but never thought; and those that thought, but never did it.—Ex.

□ □

A librarian often is amused by the mistakes of her patrons; here are a few:

"I want Kipling's 'Light That Went Out.' "

"Can you find me Wallace's 'Her Ben'?"

"Have you 'The Ravings' by Poe?"

"I would like Shakespeare's 'King Liar' and 'The Turning of the Screw'."

"Where can I find 'Who's your Schoolmaster?'" (The Hoosier Schoolmaster.)

A student asked for a poem by Longfellow "which means hay." It was finally discovered that "Excelsior" was the poem wanted.

A small girl with a lisp asked for "The Tale of Two Kitties."

A boy asked for the Red Boat. "The Rubaiyat" was the book sought.

A high school student asked innocently for Shakespeare's latest.—Ex.

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Capitol Hill Grocery
Fresh and Cured Meats
We Specialize on Poultry
Buy from East High Graduates
VERN GETTYS
VAIN ("PIP") OVERTRUFF
1402 East Grand Avenue
Phone Maple 2533

Rather a Queer Position

Miss Johnson—What is the name of the long bone from the hip to the knee?

Anna L.—The spine.

Miss Cuplin—Well, how did your tests come out?

Miss St. John—A complete success. Everybody flunked.

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- () Engineering
- () Pharmacy
- () Pre Medic
- () Music
- () Dramatic Art
- () Public Speaking
- () Journalism
- () Drawing and Painting
- () Athletic Coaching
- () Bible
- () Missionary
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- () Business
- () Short Course
- () Preparatory Course
- () School of Trades

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Des Moines University

Highland Park

Des Moines, Iowa

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YOUR LIFE WORK

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Where the Opportunities Are Manifold

Modern institutions like the Des Moines Hosiery Mills are offering the worker many comforts, conveniences and privileges that were thought exceptionally foolish two decades ago.

Drudgery is no longer a part of the day's work. In place of the ignorant, underpaid sweatshop slave of yesterday has come the well-schooled, intelligent, fairly paid and, oftentimes, brilliant worker of today.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

In the modern ARMOR PLATE hosiery plant there are frequently worthwhile openings for the young person of intelligence and ability. Our Miss Moore will be glad to tell you more.

DES MOINES HOISIERY MILLS

"A real place to work"

We Are Too

Allan Bacon had just finished playing the "Night Winds."

Ralph S.—I'm sure glad he didn't hear a cyclone!

□ □

Extra

The Cafeteria has at last acquired some new silver ware. No longer will we eat ice cream, soup, and apple sauce with our forks; the following inscription is engraved on every spoon:

Ind. Sch. Dis.

D. M. A.

Wonder just for whom the initials D. M. A. stand?

□ □

He Won't

Bobby—Daddy look! There's an airplane.

Absorbed Daddy—Yes, dear, don't touch it.—Ex.

□ □

Sam I. The Canterbury Tales were told by a company of people, on a ship, to pass away the time.

Certainly

Miss McBride—Who was Pluto?
Leroy Busby—The God of mineral water.

□ □

Life's Little Jokes

Lincoln's Birthday, a national holiday, came on Sunday.

The football boys gave a party for the express purpose of presenting Arvid with a gold football for a watch fob; and Arvid failed to appear.

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Pads

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There's Quite a Difference

Miss Brody—Can anyone say all of the
Star Spangled Banner?

Shrewd Student—Can you say it, Miss
Brody?

Miss B.—Er-a-a-I-I can sing it.

□ □

How Did You Guess It, Sam?

Miss Wood—How many of you have
read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or seen it
in a play?

Sam I.—Oh, yes, that was a horse race
picture, wasn't it?

□ □

Society

Miss St. John, Miss Ullrich, and Miss
Balliet are charter members of the "Pogo
Club." This select club has been re-
cently organized and is very exclusive,
as all new members must be voted in.
We feel sure that the Pogo Club will be
an influence for good and tend to elevate
the social life of the school. At any rate
it will enable the members to get around
the building at a faster rate.

Traveler's Luggage



It is apparent that you should buy your luggage from a house that fully understands leather and are good judges of all kinds of leather. We make special effort in buying only the best in the luggage of today.

TRUNKS

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Portfolios, Boston Bags, Purses and Money Bags.

BAGS

SUIT CASES

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325 East Fifth Street

Des Moines, Iowa

There Are Various Ways

Mrs. Alderson (trying to show that bad money is always in circulation)—Ellis, if you got on the car with a dime and two nickels and one nickel had a hole in it, what would you give the conductor?

Ellis C.—Why, I guess I'd use the good dime.

Mrs. A.—Well, you're an angel!

Ellis—Oh, I'd save the nickel to use in a slot machine.

Leighton F.—I wouldn't, I'd go into a drug store and play the Victrola with the nickel.



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Our clients number the elite of the school.

Our prices are most reasonable.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

GET OUT—our motto.

Leroy Jones, President and Manager,

Dept of Women.

Phone McBride 104

Doyne Chambers, Secretary and Manager,

Dept of Men.

Phone Locker 1305.

That's What Makes Him Look So Worried.

Leroy B. (Comm. Law)—Where do you get evidence for a breach of promise suit?

Mr. Speer—We'll come to that in a couple of weeks, Leroy. See if she won't put it off that long.



The Wonder Colylum

Wonder if Ransom Burris ever studied spelling?

Wonder if being a Senior is what it is cracked up to be?

Wonder why Stanton Moe wears such a woe-be-gone countenance?

Wonder if the Quill Staff sleeps any?



After Vacation

Mr. Wisdom taking Mr. Peterson's class in 115—Where's the roll for this class?

La Vere Ewing—You won't need it till about nine o'clock. Wait until they all get here.

Karl Voldeng comes in late.

Mr. Wisdom—Is this your usual time of arrival?

L. Ewing—No, he is a little ahead of schedule.

Penn Ave. Pharmacy

NEAL BRADY, Prop.

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Des Moines

Attention Debaters! !

Nordell K.—My, but isn't it cold? (By way of a diversion.) What do you think is the most wonderful thing in the world?

Richard Jones—Why love, of course.

Nordell—No, you're wrong; electricity.

Result—Debate held tomorrow evening.

Resolved: That Love is greater than Electricity. Aff: Experience. Neg: Physics.

10

Where is the alimentary canal?

Between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

Fashion Notes

The boys may talk about the bobbed hair rage but—they are rapidly developing something worse. Checked shirts! Dave Miller's green one and Charles Shope's blue one are two fairly striking examples.

Have you noticed the pearl earring and grey stocking fad? But why grey? Red would be a more cheerful color.

2

A Great Problem

History Teacher—The eldest son is always the next king.

Therese C.—What about twins?

11

Miss Ullrich—To what other Spanish writer are we indebted for novels?

Donald Peterson - Ponce de Leon-

Everything Comes to Those— Who Wish and Wait—But—

If we get the things that are worthwhile—things we appreciate—we'll hustle and work for all we are worth—or someone else will beat us to it.

Among the people necessary to this firm are several E. H. S. graduates—who weren't "wishers and waiters."

"Don't strive to excel anyone but yourself, aim to do that each minute, and you'll win."

"Satisfaction By The Ton"

Market 763

Carbon Coal Company

Clean Coal
Efficient Service



If interested we will try to answer questions relative to coal discovery, production, etc.

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GRAND AVENUE AT NINETEENTH

